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‘LOVERS’ VOWS.’

T the end of the eighteenth century there was an excuse for amateur theatricals in England which exists now only in the more remote parts of India and the Colonies—the excuse that many of the audience never saw any other theatrical entertainment. Consequently the amateurs went to work in a much more serious manner than they do at the present day. The French emigrés who fled from the Revolution encouraged the craze, for pre-revolutionary France had been acting-mad, and the taste for amateur theatricals reached even a quiet country parsonage in Hampshire. The two daughters of the house, Cassandra and Jane Austen, were sent to a school kept by a French lady, where there were regular end-of-term plays, and their acting experience was increased by the arrival from France of a beautiful cousin, whose husband had perished on the guillotine, but who was still equal to getting up performances in the barn.

Gradually novelists discovered what a useful episode amateur theatricals made in any tale which wanted brightening. Miss Ferrier and Miss Edgeworth were followed in this by Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, to say nothing of innumerable minor writers. Among all these, however, the play at Mansfield Park stands alone. Other authors contented themselves with a description of *The Night*. Jane Austen gives all the preparations, but then—there is no performance!

Of the many readers who have relished the rehearsals at Mansfield Park, but few, perhaps, have had the energy or the opportunity to look up 'Lovers' Vows' in the yellowing pages of Mrs. Inchbald's 'British Theatre.' It is an adaptation by Mrs. Inchbald of a German play, 'The Love Child,' by Kotzebue. There is no real necessity for seeking it out. Jane Austen gives all the details relevant to her theme, but with her usual artistic economy she gives no more, and there is a certain interest in adding to these limited particulars, even if it lies only in verifying once again her scrupulous accuracy by the discovery that Count Cassel has exactly forty-two speeches, and that 'cottages and ale-houses inside and out' are the scenery of the first act. It will be remembered that Mr. Yates, Tom Bertram's friend, came to Mansfield Park straight from a theatrical party which had been broken up prematurely at Ecclesford, the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Ravenshaw in Cornwall. The play had been 'Lovers' Vows,' and Mr. Yates was to have taken the part of Count Cassel. His description fired

the Mansfield Park party to make a similar attempt, and in the end, after innumerable discussions, they fixed upon 'Lovers' Vows' as the play that they also would perform, greatly to the delight of Mr. Yates, who 'had been sighing and longing to do the Baron at Ecclesford, had grudged every rant of Lord Ravenshaw's, and had been forced to rant it all in his own room.'

Who was the Baron, and why did he rant? He was Baron Wildenheim, lord of Castle Wildenheim in Germany, and of another castle, unnamed, in Alsace. He ranted, in accordance with established theatrical usage, because he was tortured by Remorse. When a gay young officer in the Saxon service he had seduced Agatha Friburg, a village maiden of Wildenheim who waited on his mother. He vowed to marry her, and exacted in return a vow that she would never reveal his name. These were the Vows of the title. He then rejoined his regiment. Afterwards, owing to family pressure, he married a French lady and settled on his estate in Alsace. At the opening of the play his wife is dead, and after an absence of twenty years he has returned to Wildenheim, bringing with him his only child, Amelia. As soon as he became a widower, his conscience began to torment him about the deserted Agatha, but his inquiries were in vain. He could not discover her. The effect of all this on his voice may be judged by the fact that his first scene, which always made Lord Ravenshaw hoarse in ten minutes, takes place at his own domestic breakfast-table.

Mr. Yates was evidently well-suited in the

Baron's part, yet he hesitated for a moment before taking it:

remembering that there was some very good ranting ground in Frederick, he professed an equal willingness for that. Henry Crawford was ready to take either. . . . Miss Bertram, feeling all the interest of an Agatha in the question, took on her to decide it, by observing to Mr. Yates, that this was a point in which height and figure ought to be considered, and that *his* being the tallest, seemed to fit him peculiarly for the Baron.

The identity of Frederick is easily divined. He is the Baron's long-lost, illegitimate son, and therefore it is only proper that he should be smaller and slighter than his unknown father. At the opening of the play he is a young soldier on leave, devotedly attached to his mother, who has brought him up very carefully, in total ignorance of the secret of his birth.

Over the character of Agatha Friburg there was warm though secret rivalry between the two Miss Bertrams. These foolish girls, who had both lost their hearts to Henry Crawford, disputed for the unattractive part of Agatha merely because she had one emotional scene with Frederick, while they both rejected the far more interesting part of Amelia. It is suggestive of Peter Pan that two ladies should quarrel for the privilege of being the hero's mother. Crawford settled the matter by urging Julia to be Amelia, which she considered so deep an insult that she abruptly deserted the company. Accordingly Maria secured the much-coveted character of Agatha, and played the great scene in the first act with Henry Crawford.

It so happens that Agatha Friburg has come to visit the home of her childhood at the very time of the Baron's return. Twenty years ago, when her condition was discovered, she refused to reveal the name of her betrayer and was turned out of the castle. A good old clergyman befriended her and enabled her to earn her living by keeping a school. From that time forward she has led an exemplary life, though in great poverty, and it is rather difficult to understand how she turned up at the village inn of Wildenheim. Once there, however, she fell ill, and was obliged to remain until all her money was spent. The opening scene is before the inn. The Brutal Landlord drives Agatha out, because she can pay him no more. She is ill and unable to walk, and he advises her to beg. The Brutal Landlord appears in this scene only; he is never mentioned in 'Mansfield Park,' but his must have been one of the minor parts taken by Tom Bertram. Several country people cross the stage, from whom the Landlord begs, unsuccessfully, for Agatha. This little scene was probably omitted at Mansfield, as the company possessed no supers. Finally the Landlord leaves Agatha. Another traveller approaches. She calls to him for help. He declares that he will give her his last shilling and go without his dinner. He goes up to her with his alms—and lo, it is her own son Frederick back from the army on leave!

After he has relieved her pressing needs, he explains that he has come home for his birth certificate, because his commanding officer has ordered him to produce it. Agatha is overwhelmed. Then

she reveals the truth and tells him the whole of her distressing narrative, while he does his best to show his devotion to her. At the end of her long story Agatha is overcome by exhaustion. The Landlord refuses to let her enter the inn. There is a cottage near by, and Frederick appeals to the Cottager, who is full of benevolence, and helps to carry Agatha in. As Tom was both Landlord and Cottager, the few lines spoken by the latter in this scene must have been transferred to the Cottager's Wife at Mansfield.

This is the end of the first act. The second opens within the cottage. The charitable couple who live there having neither money nor food, Frederick departs, in appropriate agonies, to beg for his mother's support, and as he never rejoins her until the very end of the play, Maria's period of bliss was already over. After Frederick has gone, Agatha learns from the conversation of the Cottager and his wife, who supplies the comic relief, that Baron Wildenheim has returned to the castle with his daughter and her tutor, a young clergyman named Anhalt. They speculate as to whether the Baron really ruined Agatha Friburg, not suspecting the identity of their guest; but when the wife observes that Agatha's father 'might have lived longer, too, if that misfortune had not happened,' Agatha faints and brings down the curtain.

This second scene is brief and unimportant. It was the first act which was really of account at Mansfield. It was the first act which Maria and Henry Crawford rehearsed again and again, with

no one but Fanny for prompter and audience; it was the first act which aroused Mr. Rushworth's jealousy; it was the first act which they were rehearsing when Julia burst into the theatre with the news of Sir Thomas Bertram's arrival. They had reached the point when Agatha, about to begin her story, exclaims:

My tongue is locked with remorse and shame. You must not look at me;

to which Frederick replies:

Not look at you! Cursed be that son, who could find his mother guilty, although the world should call her so!

Even in the moment of surprise Crawford did not move; he still held Maria's hand, and for the time she felt convinced that he loved her. When he deserted her next day with a politely commonplace farewell, she recalled that scene:

The hand which had so pressed hers to his heart!
The hand and the heart were alike motionless and passive now!

So ended the first act of Maria's tragedy.

At the beginning of the rehearsals there was an unexpected hitch in the second scene, as no one could be found to take the part of Cottager's Wife. Julia refused to consider the suggestion, and consequently Fanny was asked, or rather ordered, to fill the gap. When he offered the part to Julia, Tom assured her that ‘Cottager's Wife is a very pretty part. . . . The old lady relieves the high-flown benevolence of her husband with a good

deal of spirit,' but to timid Fanny his tone was different: 'It is a nothing of a part, a mere nothing, not above half-a-dozen lines altogether.' Fanny could not bear the idea of acting, and her fear nerved her to make a firm stand against her cousins and Aunt Norris, until Miss Crawford, who really pitied her, settled the difficulty by persuading Mrs. Grant to take the part. Fanny's feelings on learning this were very natural. Although she had been terrified when the part was offered to her, she felt lonely and dissatisfied when she found herself left out, and above all she could not bear the sense of being under an obligation to Miss Crawford. Under all her gentleness Fanny hid a very strong and unregenerate jealousy of her unconscious rival. Miss Crawford showed her more kindness than any other living creature, except Edmund, yet Fanny never felt the smallest gratitude, never thought of her but to criticise her, and was almost unable to speak either to or of her civilly.

The Cottager and his Wife complete the characters in the main plot of 'Lovers' Vows,' but the play was chosen because Tom Bertram was so much delighted with one of the minor parts, the Rhyming Butler, Verdun. He is an English creation, for the translators of German plays introduced their own comic relief. Mrs. Inchbald explained in her preface to 'Lovers' Vows' that 'the dangerous insignificance of the Butler in the original' embarrassed her. The Butler acts the part of the messenger in a Greek play, explaining to the characters on the stage the events which have taken place off. The translator carried the

resemblance still further by making him recite his narratives in verses of his own composition, which were obligingly supplied by the author of the prologue. In the play the Butler does not come on until the third act, but at Mansfield he must have begun his duties at the Baron's breakfast-table in the second act, where a nameless servant appears.

Count Cassel, the trifling part which Mr. Yates was to have played at Ecclesford, is a guest at the Wildenheim breakfast party. He is a suitor for the hand of Amelia, and has but little connection with the plot. This was the part chosed by Maria Bertram's stupid fiancé, Mr. Rushworth, who boasted :

I am to be Count Cassel, and am to come in first with a blue dress, and a pink satin cloak, and afterwards am to have another fine fancy suit, by way of a shooting-dress. . . . But I do not much like the idea of being so fine. I shall hardly know myself in a blue dress and a pink satin cloak.

Henceforward Mr. Rushworth's pink satin cloak assumed the importance of one of the *dramatis personæ*. It will be gathered, although Mr. Rushworth scarcely perceived it, that Count Cassel is a comic part. It was not so in the German play. 'The part of the Count, as in the original,' says Mrs. Inchbald with dreadful solemnity, 'would have inevitably condemned the whole play,' but she refuses to explain further. In the absence of the original, one is driven to conclude that Kotzebue depicted the Count as an out-and-out villain and seducer. Now, although seduction was a favourite dramatic theme in England, it had to be treated

humorously. It was an amusing foible on the part of the comic man; otherwise the feelings of the audience would have been outraged. In conformity with this dramatic canon, Count Cassel becomes a ridiculous fop, who boasts of his conquests. He is staying at the Castle, and has received the Baron's permission to pay his addresses to Amelia, who dislikes and laughs at him.

At the beginning of the third act the Baron and the Count go out shooting and encounter Frederick, who is begging for his mother's sake. He asks them for alms, and the Baron gives him a trifle. Frederick, not knowing whom he has met, demands more. The Baron refuses, and Frederick takes him by the throat, threatening his life if he will not give up his purse. The Baron's servants rescue their master, seize Frederick, and hurry him off to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat, while the Baron declares that for this assault Frederick shall die.

In this crisis Count Cassel has nothing to do. He appears but once again, to receive his dismissal. Amelia is horrified by his bragging of his conquests, and when her father declares that it is all talk, she produces Verdun the Butler, who is a witness to the sad case of one of the Count's victims. The Baron thereupon informs the Count that he does not want him for a son-in-law, but Count Cassel avenges himself by planting a dagger in the Baron's conscience as he departs:

Count. Let me assure you, my lord, that, although from the extreme delicacy of your honour, you have ever through life shuddered at seduction, yet there are con-

stitutions and there are circumstances, in which it can be palliated.

Baron (violently). Never.

Count. Not in a grave, serious, reflecting man such as you, I grant. But in a gay, lively, inconsiderate, flimsy, frivolous coxcomb, such as myself, it is excusable; for me to keep my word to a woman would be deceit: 'tis not expected of me. It is in my character to break oaths in love; as it is in your nature, my lord, never to have spoken anything but wisdom and truth. (Exit.)

Baron. Could I have thought a creature so insignificant as that had power to excite sensations such as I feel at present! I am, indeed, worse than he is, as much as the crimes of a man exceed those of an idiot.

The other two characters in the play are Amelia Wildenheim and her tutor, the Reverend Mr. Anhalt. Amelia's rejection of Count Cassel does not proceed merely from outraged virtue; she is very young and very artless, but she is also deeply in love with her tutor. Anhalt is an irreproachable young man, and although he knows that he loves Amelia he would rather die than propose to her, both on account of the difference in their rank and of the position of trust which he holds. The Baron has no suspicion of his chaplain's passion, and before going out to shoot, he bids Anhalt lay before Amelia the advantages of matrimony, in order to persude her to accept Count Cassel. Anhalt carries out these commands in the scene in the third act which so much shocked the ladies at Mansfield Park. In the original, Amelia seems to have proposed to Anhalt in good set terms, but the hand of Mrs. Inchbald again intervened on behalf of propriety. A British audience, she knew,

would consider it much more modest for Amelia to hint at a proposal that she was ashamed to utter than to lay bare her heart frankly without any feeling of humiliation. Her honesty is, therefore, turned into a sentimental bashfulness, yet she remains the most interesting character in the play. Hazlitt wrote of her :

The whole of this play, which is of German origin, carries the romantic in sentiment and story to the extreme verge of decency as well as probability. The character of Amelia Wildenheim is its principal charm. The open, undisguised simplicity of this character is, however, so enthusiastically extravagant, as to excite some little surprise and incredulity on an English stage. The portrait is too naked, but still it is the nakedness of innocence. She lets us see into the bottom of her heart, but there is nothing there that she need wish to disguise.

Amelia has just extracted a confession of love from Anhalt when the Butler interrupts them with the story of Frederick's assault upon the Baron. They see him led to prison, and Amelia is touched by his appearance. She resolves to befriend him; being of a practical turn, she persuades Verdun to give her the keys of the prison, and at the beginning of the fourth act she takes some provisions to Frederick in his gloomy cell. It was this scene which Henry Crawford particularly recommended to Julia, to make up for her disappointment over the part of Agatha. When she refused to act, Amelia's part was offered to Miss Crawford, who accepted it in the belief that Edmund would be Anhalt. But Edmund disapproved of the theatricals

in general and the play in particular; he had resolved to show his dislike for the whole affair by refusing to act, and at first, although Miss Crawford coaxed him very prettily, he clung to his resolution. Tom was anxious to double the parts of Verdun and Anhalt, but as the Butler actually interrupts the conversation between Amelia and her tutor, this was too much for an amateur who had no training as a quick-change artist. He then brought Edmund down from his lofty isolation by declaring his intention of offering the part to a neighbour. The prospect of seeing another man act as Miss Crawford's lover was more than Edmund could bear; to prevent this he agreed to take the part, and thus it came about that the two unacknowledged lovers were to act the love scene together. Fanny dreaded to see their performance, but it happened that as the general prompter and confidante she was called upon to witness a private rehearsal of the scene. Its principal passage is as follows:

Anhalt. I beg pardon if I have come at an improper hour; but I wait upon you by the commands of your father.

Amelia. You are welcome at all hours. My father has more than once told me, that he who forms my mind, I should always consider was my greatest benefactor. (Looking down.) And my heart tells me the same.

Anh. I think myself amply rewarded by the good opinion you have of me.

Ame. When I remember what trouble I have sometimes given you, I cannot be too grateful.

Anh. (aside). Oh, heavens! (aloud) I—I come from your father with a commission. If you please we will

sit down. (He places chairs and they sit.) Count Cassel is arrived.

Ame. Yes, I know.

Anh. And do you know for what reason?

Ame. He wishes to marry me.

Anh. Does he? (hastily). But, believe me, the Baron will not persuade you.—No, I am sure he will not.

Ame. I know that.

Anh. He wishes that I should ascertain whether you have an inclination—

Ame. For the Count, or for matrimony, do you mean?

Anh. For matrimony.

Ame. All things that I don't know, and don't understand, are quite indifferent to me.

Anh. For that very reason I am sent to you to explain the good and the bad of which matrimony is composed.

Ame. Then I beg first to be acquainted with the good.

Anh. When two sympathetic hearts meet in the marriage state, matrimony may be called a happy life. Where such a wedded pair find thorns in their path, each will be eager, for the sake of the other, to tear them from the root. Where they have to mount hills, or wind a labyrinth, the most experienced will lead the way, and be a guide to his companion. Patience and love will accompany them in their journey, while melancholy and discord they leave far behind. Hand in hand they pass on from morning till evening, through their summer's day, till the night of age draws on, and the sleep of death overtakes the one. The other, weeping and mourning, yet looks forward to the bright region, where he shall meet his still surviving partner among trees and flowers, which themselves have planted in the fields of eternal verdure.

Ame. You may tell my father I'll marry (rises).

Anh. (rising). This picture is pleasing; but I must beg you not to forget that there is another on the same subject.—When convenience and fair appearance, joined to folly and ill humour, forge the fetters of matrimony,

they gall with their weight the married pair. Discontented with each other—at variance in opinions—their mutual aversion increases with the years they live together. They contend most where they should most unite; torment where they should most soothe. In this rugged way, choked with the weeds of suspicion, jealousy, anger and hatred, they take their daily journey till one of these also sleep in death. The other then lifts up his dejected head, and calls out in acclamations of joy—Oh liberty! dear liberty!

Ame. I will not marry.

Anh. You mean to say you will not fall in love.

Ame. Oh, no! (ashamed). I am in love.

Anh. Are in love! (starting). And with the Count?

Ame. I wish I was.

Anh. Why so?

Ame. Because he would, perhaps, love me again.

Anh. (warmly). Who is there that would not?

Ame. Would you?

Anh. I—I—me,—I—I am out of the question.

Ame. No; you are the very person to whom I have put the question.

Anh. What do you mean?

Ame. I am glad you don't understand me. I was afraid I had spoken too plain (confused).

Anh. Understand you!—As to that—I am not dull.

Ame. I know you are not—And as you have for a long time instructed me, why should not I now begin to teach you?

Anh. Teach me what?

Ame. Whatever I know and you don't.

Anh. There are some things I had rather never know.

Ame. So you may remember I said when you began to teach me mathematics. I said I had rather not know it.—But now I have learnt it, it gives me a great deal of pleasure,—and (hesitating) perhaps, who can tell but that

I might teach something as pleasant to you as resolving a problem is to me.

Anh. Woman herself is a problem.

Ame. And I'll teach you to make her out.

Anh. You teach?

Ame. Why not? None but a woman can teach the science of herself; and though I own I am very young, a young woman may be as agreeable for a tutoress as an old one. I am sure I always learnt faster from you than from the old clergyman who taught me before you came.

Anh. This is nothing to the subject!

Ame. What is the subject.

Anh.—Love.

Ame. (going up to him). Come then, teach it me—teach it me as you taught me geography, languages and other important things.

Anh. (turning from her). Pshaw!

Ame. Ah! you won't—You know you have already taught me that, and you won't begin again.

Anh. You misconstrue—you misconceive every thing I say or do. The subject I came to you upon was marriage.

Ame. A very proper subject for the man who has taught me love, and I accept the proposal (curtesying).

Anh. Again you misconceive me.

Ame. Ay, I see how it is—You have no inclination to experience with me 'the good part of matrimony': I am not the female with whom you would like to go 'hand in hand up hills and through labyrinths'—with whom you would like to 'root up thorns; and with whom you would delight to plant lilies and roses.' No, you had rather call out, 'Oh, liberty! dear liberty!'

Anh. Why do you force from me what it is villainous to own?—I love you more than life—Oh, Amelia! had we lived in those golden times, which the poets picture, no one but you—But, as the world is changed, your birth and fortune make—Our union is impossible—To preserve

the character, and, more, the feelings of an honest man, I would not marry you without the consent of your father—And could I, dare I, propose it to him?

Ame. He has commanded me never to conceal or disguise the truth. I will propose it to him. The subject of the Count will force me to speak plainly, and this will be the most proper time, while he can compare the merit of you both.

Anh. I conjure you not to think of exposing yourself and me to his resentment.

Ame. It is my father's wish that I should marry—it is my father's wish to see me happy—If, then, you love me as you say, I will marry and will be happy—but only with you."

This was the scene which Edmund Bertram and Mary Crawford acted with so much nature and animation as to overcome poor Fanny. They certainly deserved commendation if they could act such a scene naturally. Amelia's character almost seems to deserve Hazlitt's praise by contrast with the inanity of Anhalt; for no acting could make it appear possible that a man should go to a young girl on such an errand, or address her in such a way. One might pity Amelia for marrying with no clearer idea of matrimony than that set forth by her tutor, if she were not shown to be a young lady who was perfectly capable of taking care of herself.

In their rehearsals the Mansfield company never went beyond the third act, and they therefore missed the principal scenes of the play. In the fourth act, Amelia visits Frederick in prison and tells him his captor's name. He is overcome with emotion at the thought that he has assaulted his

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father, and frightens her so much that she runs away. Anhalt now enters to exhort the prisoner, and Frederick persuades the chaplain to obtain for him a private interview with the Baron.

The next scene begins with the dismissal of Count Cassel. Amelia confesses to her father her passion for Anhalt. The Baron reproves her, but is interrupted by Anhalt himself, who introduces Frederick. There follows the great scene between the father and the son, the climax of the play, in which Frederick describes the miserable poverty of his mother, while his father wallowed in luxury. Mrs. Inchbald's note on this passage is interesting :

The actor who plays Frederick too frequently forms his notion of the passion he is to portray throughout the interview, from the following lines at the end of one of his speeches :

'And, when he dies, a funeral sermon will praise his great benevolence, his Christian charity.'

The sarcasm here to be expressed, should be evinced in no one sentence else. Where, in a preceding speech, he says the Baron is 'a man, kind, generous, beloved by his tenants,' he certainly means this to be his character. Frederick is not ironical, except by accident. Irony and sarcasm do not appertain to youth ; open, plain, downright habits are the endearing qualities of the young. Moreover, a son, urged by cruel injuries, may upbraid his father even to rage, and the audience will yet feel interest for them both ; but if he be condemn or deride him, all respect is lost, both for the one and the other.

In spite of this theoretical criticism, however, she admitted that as the scene was usually acted, Frederick was heavily sarcastic all the way through,

and yet he by no means lost the sympathy of the audience, who, on the contrary, applauded him highly.

In the end Frederick reveals his father's name and rushes from the room, the Baron being too much overcome to stop him. When he recovers he sends Anhalt to find Agatha, and orders his servants to bring back the prisoner, that he may press him to his heart.

The fifth act opens at the cottage, where Anhalt persuades Agatha to come with him to the castle for her son's sake. At the castle the baron proposes to legitimise Frederick and to provide for Agatha, but Frederick refuses to be parted from his mother :

My lord, it must be Frederick of Wildenheim and Agatha of Wildenheim—or Agatha Friburg and Frederick Friburg.

Anhalt supports Frederick and at length the Baron yields. He vows that he will marry Agatha, announces that Frederick is his heir, and bestows Amelia's hand upon Anhalt. The final tableau is too good to be lost :

Anhalt leads in Agatha. The Baron runs and clasps her in his arms. Supported by him, she sinks on a chair which Amelia places in the middle of the stage. The Baron kneels by her side, holding her hand. Frederick throws himself on his knees by the other side of his mother. She clasps him in her arms. Amelia is placed by the side of her father, attentively viewing Agatha. Anhalt stands on the side of Frederick with his hands gratefully raised to Heaven. The curtain slowly drops.

Such was the play of 'Lovers' Vows,' and it must be admitted that there were certain objections to its representation at Mansfield. Even in these

less squeamish days, though no amateur actress would be embarrassed by the part of Amelia, a girl might hesitate before undertaking to recite the woes of Agatha to a drawing-room full of friends. It was natural that Edmund should take the first opportunity to remonstrate with Maria, and to suggest that she had only to read the first act aloud to her mother to be convinced that the play could not be acted in the Mansfield billiard-room. Maria hesitated, for the test proposed was a ticklish one, but her doubts were driven away by Lady Bertram herself, who languidly supported Edmund:

Do no act anything improper, my dear; Sir Thomas would not like it. Fanny, ring the bell; I must have my dinner. Surely Julia is dressed by this time.

No doubt Julia was late that night because, after deserting the theatre, she went off to her room to cry her silly little heart out. Now she was trying to make her swollen eyelids fit for scrutiny at the dinner table. But Lady Bertram's remark recalled to Maria the scene of the afternoon and reawakened her jealousy of her sister. 'If I were to decline the part,' she argued, 'Julia would certainly take it'; and she persisted in her first determination.

Besides this natural objection to the play, Edmund's opposition had a motive which is now almost forgotten. Tawdry, exaggerated and unnatural as it appears, it belonged to the advanced drama of the period. It can scarcely be called the drama of ideas, but it was at any rate the drama of emotions. With all its faults there was a spirit of life in it which was lacking in the mechanical

farces and threadbare tragedies of the English dramatists, and consequently all the conservative critics, with Sir Walter Scott at their head, denounced it for 'intellectual Jacobinism.'

Kotzebue may not have made his audience think, but somehow or other he succeeded in making them feel. Thomas Holcroft was present at the first performance of 'Lovers' Vows' on 11th October, 1798, and although he was so ill that he was obliged to leave before the last act, the play moved him to both laughter and tears. The significant point is that the sympathy of the audience was won over to the unconventional side. Mrs. Inchbald was surprised that a son who 'derided and contemned' his father should be applauded; but the whole play is arranged to attract the sympathy of the audience to the son, not by a serious argument addressed to the intellect, but by surrounding the son with pathetic circumstance. As Leigh Hunt said:

Prejudices are fused in tears of sympathy, . . . and while they are in the humour, (the audience) would rather suspect that their notions, outside of the house, may be too rigid, than their humanity, inside of it, ought to be gainsaid.

Thus, in a queer, topsy-turvy manner, the sentimental Kotzebue was the forerunner of the intellectual Ibsen. His plays, even when carefully pared down to suit British conventions, still inspired dangerously unsettling notions. Hazlitt wrote in a fine outburst:

The German tragedy . . . aims at effect, and produces it often in the highest degree; and it does this by going

all the lengths not only of instinctive feeling, but of speculative opinion, and startling the hearer by overturning all the established maxims of society, and setting at nought all the received rules of composition. It cannot be said of this style that in it 'decorum is the principal thing.' It is the violation of decorum, that is its first and last principle, the beginning, middle and end. It is an insult and defiance to Aristotle's definition of tragedy. The action is not grave, but extravagant: the fable is not probable, but improbable: the favourite characters are not only low, but vicious: the sentiments are such as do not become the person into whose mouth they are put, nor that of any other person: the language is a mixture of metaphysical jargon and flaring prose: the moral is immorality. In spite of all this, a German tragedy is a good thing. It is a fine hallucination: it is a noble madness, and as there is a pleasure in madness, which none but madmen know, so there is a pleasure in reading a German play to be found in no other. The world have thought so: they go to see 'The Stranger,' they go to see 'Lovers' Vows,' and 'Pizarro,' they have their eyes wide open all the time, and almost cry them out before they come away, and therefore they go again. There is something in the style that hits the temper of men's minds; that, if it does not 'hold the mirror up to nature,' yet 'shows the very age and body of the time its form and pressure.' It embodies, it sets off and aggrandizes in all the pomp of action, in all the vehemence of hyperbolic declamation, in scenery, in dress, in music, in the glare of the senses, and the glow of sympathy, the extreme opinions which are floating in our time, and which have struck their roots deep and wide below the surface of the public mind.'

All this seems strangely exaggerated when compared with the actual text of 'Lovers' Vows.' The modern complaint is that the play is

thin and commonplace, not at all that it is extreme. But this only shows how thoroughly it did its work before it passed away. ‘Lovers’ Vows’ and ‘The Stranger’ are remembered now simply because they are immortalised in ‘Mansfield Park’ and ‘Pendennis,’ but in their own time they were portents. No wonder that Sir Thomas Bertram and Edmund, the representatives of the Landed Interest and the Church, were alarmed when such perilous stuff found its way into Mansfield Park. It was as if the vicarage party at Slocum-in-the-Mud had taken it into their heads to act ‘Ghosts.’

MADELEINE HOPE DODDS.

THE EARLY EDITIONS OF FIELDING'S 'VOYAGE TO LISBON.'



ABOUT Wednesday, 12th June, 1754, Henry Fielding, through his brother John, engaged passage to Lisbon on board the 'Queen of Portugal,' Captain Richard Veale, which was to sail on the following Saturday, 15th June. His party consisted of himself, his second wife, Mary Daniel Fielding, his daughter by his first wife, Eleanor Harriot, her friend, Margaret Collier, a maid, Isabella Ash, and a footman, William, whose last name is unknown. For the accommodation of the party Fielding paid thirty pounds, all of which, he thought, went clear into the captain's pocket. The ship did not sail as promised, the event being postponed from day to day as the captain was waiting for more freight and passengers. On or about 22nd June, a week after the announced date of sailing, Fielding invited the captain to dine with him at his house in Ealing. At this meeting it was agreed that the ship would sail on the Wednesday following, 26th June.

The ship was anchored in the Thames near Rotherhithe and Wapping, and Fielding drove in a coach from Ealing to Rotherhithe, a distance of twelve miles, in about two hours. From the coach he was carried in his chair through a jeering rabble

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of watermen, and lifted into a small boat which brought him to the ship, into which he was lifted by a block and tackle. Instead of sailing on the promised day the ship remained at anchor off Wapping until Sunday, 30th June, when, in charge of a pilot, it dropped down the river twenty miles to Gravesend.

Saunders Welch and Jane Collier had come with the party from Ealing, and remained with them until Monday, 1st July, when, after dinner, they took post-chaise for London. At six in the evening the captain came on board, and the ship fell down to the Nore. On Tuesday, 2nd July, they passed Thanet and Sheppey, and at 3 p.m. came to an anchor in the Downs, within two miles of Deal. Adverse winds kept them there until Monday, 8th July, and it was during this week that Fielding first thought of writing his journal.

By six on the morning of 8th July, the ship had run south about seven miles, and had passed Dover. In the evening they beat the sea off Sussex, making but little way, though on the morning of 10th July they were in sight of the Isle of Wight. About three in the afternoon the ship passed by Spithead and Portsmouth, and came to anchor on the Mother Bank off Ryde. On the following day, Friday, 12th July, the ladies went ashore at Ryde and drank their tea at an ale-house. While they were away Fielding wrote to his brother John the letter which Jesse first published in 1875. As the wind promised to remain unfavourable, Fielding himself went ashore in a hoy which had brought him the present of half a buck, probably sent him by Mrs.

Roberts, of Appley. The party arrived at the inn at about four in the afternoon, and there is some doubt as to who went ashore with him. There were four in his party, besides the two servants, but when he settles his first bill he speaks of 'five people and two servants.' Here the word 'five' may be a misprint for 'four,' and this is the more probable solution; or he may have written 'five people, two of them servants.' In this case Miss Collier is ignored, and, as a matter of fact, she is not mentioned by name while at Ryde, though the accommodations for the others are particularly described. It has been suggested that Miss Collier may have stayed with Mrs. Roberts, but when a hasty move is made to go aboard ship nothing is said of any of the party being at a distance. The captain clearly spent his nights aboard ship, and it is not likely that Fielding took as his guest either the 'ignorant Portuguese priest,' or the 'rude school-boy,' and there were no other passengers.

Fielding did not bring ashore with him the manuscript of his journal, though he continued his writing while at Ryde. Neither did he bring with him the ship's almanac, and so when he jotted down the events of the following day he became confused as to the day of the month, and wrote 'Sunday, 19th July,' for what was certainly the 14th. This error in the date was carried along until Sunday, 21st July, which he called the 26th. After that, discovering the mistake, instead of correcting it he simply ignored it, but to avoid continuing it, he abandoned the use of the day of the month altogether, and thereafter simply re-

corded the day of the week. There is one exception to this in the first edition (p. 205), where what was really 24th July is made the 20th. This farther confusion was not repeated in the second edition, and presumably it was not in Fielding's manuscript.

The party remained at Ryde until 11 a.m. on Thursday, 18th July, when they went aboard ship, and that afternoon the vessel drifted to St. Helen's, a distance of five miles in as many hours. Here the captain received a visit from a nephew, a lieutenant in the army, who had just returned from Gibraltar or Minorca. A wind from the north cut short this visit, much to the relief of Mr. Fielding, and that night they passed Christ Church and Peveril Point. On Saturday, 20th July, they are off the island of Portland, but adverse winds blew them into Torbay, where they anchored at six on the morning of Sunday, 21st July. There they remained until Saturday, 27th July, when with a favourable wind the real voyage began, and they at last lost sight of the English coast, a month and more after Fielding had gone on board ship.

While anchored in Torbay Fielding bought three hogsheads of 'cyder' from Giles Leverance, of 'Cheeshurst,' for which he paid five pounds ten shillings. One of these he took with him to Lisbon, while the other two were sent to his brother John, to be divided equally between his brother, Saunders Welch, Dr. Hunter, and Andrew Millar. It was here also in Torbay that Fielding had his quarrel with the captain, the account of which was suppressed in the first edition. On

22nd July, having procured his cider the day before, he wrote to his brother John telling him how to distribute it, and telling also of having received a present of half a buck (he says 'a buck' in the Journal) from the New Forest, but he does not say from whom the present came. On the back of this letter, in another hand, is endorsed the correct address of Giles Leverance, which was 'Churston,' instead of 'Cheeshurst,' as it is given in the Journal. This illuminating letter was first printed in the 'National Review' for August, 1911, in 'A Fielding Find,' by Mr. Austin Dobson.

Adverse winds, calms, and gales, with some favourable breezes, met them in the Bay of Biscay, and it was Monday, 5th August, before they sighted the Berlenga Islands, the first land they had seen since leaving the Devonshire coast, and which Fielding asserts were called 'the Burlings' in the charts. On 6th August a pilot came on board, and at noon the ship entered the Tajo, and anchored off Belim, which Fielding calls 'Bellisle,' about three miles below Lisbon. Here they were visited by the Officers of Customs and the Magistrates of Health, and these formalities over, the ship sailed up the river, and at midnight cast anchor before Lisbon. Fielding spent all the next day in a vain effort to secure permission to land from the 'Providore,' but not until seven in the evening was he carried on shore, placed in a chaise, and driven through 'the nastiest city in the world' to a kind of coffee-house, about a mile from the city. And thus the journal ends!

Of what happened in Lisbon after Fielding

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landed we have but little knowledge. What we have is gleaned from a letter from Fielding to his brother John which is given in Mr. Dobson's essay in the 'National Review,' before mentioned. It is undated, but as it notes that Captain Veale sailed a few days ago, it was probably written the latter part of August, or early in September. With the captain went William, homesick, and with William went £3 10s. 6d., which the footman got to pay a bill and kept. The maid also followed the captain to England, 'where he hath promised to marry her,' observes Fielding. Thereafter he was served by native servants.

When Fielding wrote this letter he was feeling better, though subject to some discomfort through the ill-nature of Miss Collier. He was able to walk a little, and hope of recovery revived, yet on Tuesday, 8th October, he died. He was buried in Lisbon, and there his body still remains. Mrs. Fielding, Harriot, and Miss Collier, must have returned to England as soon as possible after that, for Fielding's will was proved 14th November, 1754. Margaret Collier was one of the witnesses, and she doubtless appeared at that time.

Mrs. Fielding brought with her the manuscript journal of the voyage, and this was sent, as it was, to Andrew Millar to be printed. Millar prepared the 'Dedication to the Public,' or more probably had it written by Arthur Murphy, as Mr. de Castro sagely suggests. This dedication was probably distributed as an advertisement of the book, in an eight-page folder. Otherwise it is impossible to explain Millar's possession of enough copies for a

second edition. On receiving the manuscript, obviously just as it was written, Millar naturally presumed that it was to be printed as the author left it, and therefore the dedication asserts that it was not to be 'patch'd by a different hand.' When the galley-proofs were ready they were sent to Mrs. Fielding, who turned them over to brother John, to whom they were read, and at his dictation innumerable changes were made in the text. What he disapproved of he struck out altogether. If a phrase did not suit him, he changed its form, and in one case he inserted a page or two of his own composition. These changes were not confined to matters of form merely, but extended to matters of fact, and in numbers of cases he altered the phraseology so as to convey a meaning directly opposite to that which his brother had written. Yet John Fielding was a very honourable man, and indeed he was more than that; he was a very generous one, and for many years thereafter he contributed a fourth part of his income to the support of his brother's family. None the less he butchered the child of his brother's brain like a very Hun.

One can imagine the consternation of Andrew Millar when the proofs came back with so much of Henry Fielding crossed out, and so much of brother John written in. But what was he to do? The book was a privately printed affair, for the publication of which the family paid, and to them went the profits of the venture. Without doubt Millar would have gladly changed the promise of the dedication, but it had already been printed and widely circulated, and so must of necessity

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stand as it was. Without the least doubt, however, Millar saved carefully the original galley-proofs, and when he settled accounts with the family he added to the amount due an unknown, but we may be sure generous, sum for the book itself. Thereafter it was his property, and over it John Fielding had no control. When, during the latter part of the year, the earthquake at Lisbon aroused the interest of the public in that region, Millar got out a second edition, in which all of John Fielding's alterations, additions, and amendments were ignored, and the book for the first time appeared as Henry Fielding had written it.

Much of this story may be thought a matter of surmise, but the truth of it depends on internal evidence, by which it seems clearly established.

First then as to the identity of the person who corrected these proofs and made the changes in the text. It is hardly conceivable that Henry Fielding could have done this himself. We can scarcely believe that when the captain visited the ship at Rotherhithe he acted as Fielding described in the second edition, and that then on revision Henry Fielding cut all this out and substituted a paragraph in which the old salt 'coos like a sucking dove.' Did he write 'the particular tyrant,' and then mildly make it 'the captain?' Did he erase the 'captain who was in reality waiting for more freight' and for it write of 'these unavoidable delays?' Did he change 'swaggered' into 'being unwilling to come to anchor?' Did he alter 'God Almighty' into the less objectionable, 'the Creator'? Did he himself suppress the account

of the captain's nephew and for it write an entirely different and misleading thing? Did he write eleven pages and more of his quarrel with the captain, ending in his threat to leave the ship, and then omit it all in favour of so false a sentence as 'our commander being, as I observed, in good spirits, we spent the rest of this day with much cheerfulness.' The suggestion is unthinkable, save on the assumption that, after the voyage was over, and Fielding had begun to revise his manuscript, he concluded that he had done the captain an injustice, but this is scarcely tenable for two reasons, the first being that he did *not* change his opinion of the captain, but in what was probably the last letter he ever wrote, he tells his brother that, 'Veal is the greatest scoundrel of them all.' Secondly, he clearly did not attempt to revise the manuscript at all. He instinctively hated revision, and being ill had ample excuse for avoiding it. Had he attempted it, he certainly would have corrected the errors in the dates, and that he had discovered them was sufficiently shown when he stopped giving the days of the month. No! Anyone else in the world might have made this revision, excepting only Henry Fielding.

But if Henry Fielding did not make these changes in his lifetime, who would have presumed to have done so after his death? Certainly his wife would not have attempted anything of the kind, and if the wife is eliminated, the brother is the only one left who would have assumed the right to make such changes as he saw fit. But we have not merely an assumption to guide us. The

one who did this thing wrote this passage (pp. 87, 101): 'as did a great number of merchant ships, who attended our commodore from the Downs, and watched his motions so narrowly that they seemed to think themselves unsafe when they did not regulate their motions by his.' Now, when Henry Fielding wrote to his brother from Ryde, he said, the captain is 'a most able and experienced seaman to whom other Captains seem to pay such Deference that they attend and watch his motions and think themselves only safe when they act under his Direction and Example.' The passage interpolated in the journal is clearly but a paraphrase of this sentence in the letter, and at that time the contents of the letter were probably only known to John Fielding himself. Had another editor been writing, he would have had the letter before him, and so would have quoted more accurately. Here one is quoting from memory, and this again points unerringly to John Fielding.

Henry Fielding had vividly described the manners of the nephew of the captain, and this the editor omits entirely, substituting a passage which refers to 'a brother of mine who was at Minorca about fourteen years ago.' Only Henry or his brother John could have written this. The reference here is to William Fielding, the sixth son of General Fielding, by his second wife, and so a full brother to John. Collins says that he was in Dalzell's regiment of foot, and died unmarried in 1752. This is not so, as his marriage to Hester Nichols of Tewkesbury, on 4th August, 1750, is noted in the 'London Magazine' for that month

(p. 380). Probably that passage better describes the conversation of William Fielding than that of the amazing nephew of the captain.

Again, in giving the account of the storm, and the consequent danger to his wife and daughter, Henry Fielding wrote, 'I have often thought they were both too good and too gentle to be trusted to the power of any man I know, to whom they could possibly be so trusted.' Here the editor struck out the words, 'I know, to whom they could possibly be so trusted,' and who in all the world would have done this, save only brother John?

It does not appear that John Fielding knew Captain Veale before the ship was selected. In Henry's letter from Ryde he says, 'Tell yr. Neighbour I am much obliged to him for recommending me to the care of a most able and experienced seaman,' which implies that John Fielding had heard of the man and his ship from others. That he met the captain when he made the bargain is more than likely, and it is even more probable that the captain called on him after his return and gave him some account of the voyage, and many excuses for its delays.

John Fielding was a good man, a kindly man, and he did not wish to have the feelings of the captain hurt, nor yet those of the nephew, and his concern extended to the mistress of the ale-house at Ryde. Her name he changed from 'Francis' to 'Humphrys,' and in doing so he omitted one significant line: 'Mrs. Francis (for that was the name of the good woman of the house),' wrote Henry Fielding (pp. 95, 111), but when John

changed the name to 'Humphrys,' all that followed went with it, for John Fielding was a conscientious man and could not tell a lie.

That the second edition was reproduced from the galley-proofs of the first, there is scarcely room for doubt. An error, most certainly made by the compositor and not by the writer, is the spelling of Petty as 'Petyt' (pp. 125, 147). In another place Fielding certainly wrote 'coach,' and the compositor made it 'couch' (pp. 41, 46), an error which has persisted to this day in every edition. Referring to the scene on the river, and to the small boats which 'ply' between Chatham and the Tower, the types got it 'ly,' (pp. 62, 70). Then we have 'landschape,' so spelled in both editions, but spelled correctly elsewhere (pp. viii, ix). We find 'chappel' and 'chapel' (pp. 106, 123; 139, 163), 'pease' (pp. 99, 116), and 'peas' (pp. 78, 89). We have also 'surprize' thrice, 'surprised' once, and 'surprizing' twice, and in all cases alike in both editions. Then there are 'fresh'ned,' 'enroling,' 'stoln,' 'carelesly,' 'threatned,' and 'hawling.' Such resemblances are impossible unless we grant that the compositor was following the printed page.

Mr. Austin Dobson performed a valuable service to letters in reprinting the text of the first edition, and showing the variations between it and the second, but, after all, the authentic text is that of the second edition, and this should be followed by all editors who desire to preserve undefiled the writings of Henry Fielding.

FREDERICK S. DICKSON.

FRENCH LITERATURE DURING THE WAR.

ANY survey of French literature since the outbreak of war must necessarily be imperfect on account of the difficulties of what I may perhaps call literary communication between London and Paris. Most of the friends with whom I correspond on such matters are 'mobilisés' in one way or another, and have little or no leisure for the peaceful correspondence of happier days. Only a small proportion of the books published in France seem now to reach our shores, and even when they do, it is often long after publication. Therefore this article can in no way be regarded as exhaustive; all I am able to do is to make a few brief comments on such books as have come under my notice.

In any review of French literature since August, 1914, two facts forcibly present themselves: that 257 men of letters have been killed in battle between that date and this, and that an invaded country with a large portion of its territory in the occupation of an incredibly brutal enemy is in a wholly different 'état d'âme' from an uninvaded country like ours, however great the sacrifices we are necessarily making. The two facts sufficiently account for the far smaller output of books in

France than in Britain. While so many of the younger writers have laid down their lives for their country, those who, by reason of their years, are unable to join the fighting line, have little heart for embarking on new literary ventures, and had they done so, would have found but a restricted audience. Thus it happens that the more important books issued since the war were actually written and in the press before August, 1914. Such are for instance Pierre Masson's '*La vie religieuse de Rousseau*,' and the new edition of Guillaume du Vair's treatise on '*La Constance et Consolation ès Calamitez Publiques*.'

In many ways Pierre Masson's '*La Religion de J. J. Rousseau*' is one of the most important contributions to the history of French literature in general, and to the elucidation of Rousseau's mind in particular that has appeared for some time. Besides its intrinsic interest as an able and erudite work in which a phase, well demonstrated to be a very important phase, of Rousseau's influence is treated in masterly fashion, the book has a pathetic interest. Masson chose the subject for his thesis for the doctorate of the University of Paris, and it was ready for printing in its final form in April, 1914. While the last proofs were passing through the press, war broke out, and Masson, who was professor of French in the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, was summoned to his '*poste de combat*.' In a postscript, dated 22nd September, 1915,

¹ It is in three parts, forming three volumes: I. '*La formation religieuse de Rousseau*.' II. '*La "profession de foi" de Jean-Jacques*.' III. '*Rousseau et la restauration religieuse*.'

he tells us of his hesitation to deal with the proofs in the front line, and how it seemed to him almost frivolous to think of a book when his country was in danger. But when he found his men—he was a sous-lieutenant of infantry—who had passed the night with him in guarding the barbed wire barriers, spending their time of relaxation in the arts of peace, carving walking sticks, laying out little gardens, taming jays, or as improvised smiths, fashioning jewellery out of the obus that failed to hit them, he thought he might follow their example and correct his proofs by way of recreation. Thus his book, he thought, might be regarded as 'la bague-souvenir que l'on cisèle en campagne.' The book was not published until 1916, and it is sad to have to record here that Masson was killed in the latter part of that year. A brilliant scholar and a charming writer is lost to the world of letters: 'à cause de tels morts, nous ne pouvons pardonner à la guerre.'

Masson sets out to show that Rousseau was the interpreter of thoughts already in the air; obscure persons had been preaching the return to nature, and most of the ideas we attribute to Rousseau, but their unskilled and uninspired methods would have made those new ideas an easy prey to the defenders of reason. Then it was that Rousseau

'apparaît brusquement dans une solitude farouche; et pourtant, tout au-dessous de lui, il y a comme des nuages qui le portent et qui le poussent; il est celui peut-être qui a donné à la littérature française la secousse la plus forte; il est celui peut-être que la littérature française a le plus longuement préparé.'

In fact, Rousseau brought out the 'conservatrices,' forces that were never silent in the French nation; he 'restored' religion, and his religious influence was felt up to the publication of Chateaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme.' Rousseau aimed at establishing both philosophical liberty and religious piety. In considering Rousseau from this standpoint, we must dismiss the 'Confessions' from our minds, and think of him, purified by suffering and solitude, in his last days when all kept silence to listen to him and felt for him the same 'holy admiration and fear' that the prophets of old inspired in their hearers. Masson proves conclusively, paradox as it sounds, that

'Jean-Jacques aura été l'un des mainteneurs du catholicisme dans l'élite intellectuelle française, non pas, sans doute du dogme catholique comme tel, mais de cette sensibilité chrétienne qui dans un pays de tradition catholique, facilite pratiquement l'adhésion au dogme, ou autorise du moins un compromis silencieux.'

It is, moreover, quite appropriate that soldiers in the fighting line should occupy themselves with Rousseau, for where can there be illustrated better than in the nation mobilized for its defence Rousseau's maxim which sums up the whole argument of the 'Contrat Social': 'aliénation totale de chaque associé avec tous ses droits à toute la communauté.' Yet, as Masson points out, the citizen is not the whole man; we look forward to the return of peace to deliver up again a man's soul to the 'tragique' of his individual destiny. However, that may be, it is a consolation to feel

that Rousseau may have helped those who, courageous and serene, have given their lives in this righteous cause to do so in the confidence of the 'revanche du droit,' and with the hope 'du juste qui ne trompe point.'

The new edition of Guillaume du Vair's 'Traité de la Constance et Consolation ès Calamitez Publiques,' edited by Jacques Flach and F. Funck-Brentano was also undertaken before the outbreak of war. The book had not been reprinted for 250 years,¹ and its re-appearance was curiously well-timed. When in September, 1914, there was likelihood of another siege of Paris, men's thoughts went back to former sieges, and especially to the worst of all, the siege by Henri IV in 1590. It was during that calamity that Du Vair wrote this treatise, fitted as its editors declare 'à soutenir l'âme parfois vacillante des foules,' breathing as it does 'accents d'une fermeté si noble, d'un patriotisme si ardent, d'une inspiration si sereine.'

I should like to see this little book of wise and helpful consolation in the hands of all who are suffering—and who is not?—from the present calamities. Du Vair is patriotism incarnate, but patriotism of the right kind. 'Quand nous serions tous assurés de ne pouvoir sauver notre pays,' we must not abandon her, for 'le mal n'est jamais si grand qu'il faille désespérer du salut.' One of

¹ The first edition appeared in 1594: between that date and 1641 there were twelve fresh editions and several re-impressions. The edition of 1625 is considered the best, and has been taken as the new edition. It may be noted that the book owes something to the 'De Constantia' of Lipsius, of which Mr. Anderton wrote in 'THE LIBRARY' last October.

the chief consolations for the 'bon citoyen' is that

'la journée ne sera jamais assez longue pour satisfaire à tous les offices auxquels la misère d'autrui l'appellera . . . car qui est celui là si heureux qui n'a esté touché durant ce temps de mille sortes d'afflictions, que la désolation du pays n'a depouillé de ses biens et envoyé nud comme un homme eschappé du naufrage?

'C'est là qu'il se faut montrer homme, et faire paroistre que la vertu ne consiste pas en paroles mais en belles et genereuses résolutions.'

Du Vair is ready with consolations for every affliction: poverty need not be feared by a man who has his arms, his art, and who is content to live according to nature; loss of friends, relations, children may be borne with calmness if we remember that at no time is the harbour more desirable than 'quand on est fort battu de la tempeste. Ceux-là nous iront attendre devant au sejour préparé pour les belles et pures âmes.' Death, he declares, is no more terrible than birth. There is nothing strange or terrible in nature: 'nous mourons tous les jours, et chaque heure de notre vie qui est passée est morte pour nous.' Even a violent death on the battlefield is less dreadful to endure than men suppose. Little children fear men in masks; remove the masks and they fear no more. So shot and shell and fire terrify as the masks do: 'levons leur masque, la mort dont ils nous menacent n'est que la mesme mort dont meurent les femmes et les petits enfants.' The whole ends on a high note:

'Souvenez-vous lors, que vous estes hommes et que vous estes François. Que vostre courage ne s'enfuye pas

avec votre bonheur. Fiches vous au droit et à la raison, et si la vague a à vous emporter qu'elle vous accable le timon encore en la main. Voici le temps qu'il faut présenter l'estomac à la fortune pour la défense de l'estat et couvrir de son corps celui de sa patrie.'

On every page is something applicable to all of us to-day, and it is difficult to refrain from quoting every line of the treatise. The quaint old French lends a flavour to the sentiments, which, combined with the simplicity and directness of the style, the fine taste and lofty thought, seems to me to give the book a high place in the literature of consolation.

The form adds an interest for the literary student. It is that of a conversation between four friends who, in the intervals of the alarms and excursions due to the progress of the siege, discuss the right way to behave during such calamities. We are reminded of Dryden's essay on dramatic poetry; the likeness of the machinery of the two pieces is striking. But I do not propose to work it out here, for I have chiefly chosen to write of Du Vair's little book in view of the relation its contents bear to present events.

Very few novels, even of second or third-rate value, have appeared in France since the outbreak of war. There has been nothing whatever to compare with the output of fiction here. In France as in Britain some readers like the new books to bear some relation to the present pre-occupations of the mind, others prefer them absolutely free from such conditions. From the standpoint of

art they should not be concerned with events in progress, for art cannot deal with things happening daily in their raw reality. At present everything, events, incidents, the minds and hearts of men and women are in a state of flux, nothing is finished, nothing can be felt or observed in its right proportion, therefore, the elements cannot be represented in a work of art where wholeness and just proportion of parts are imperative. And so it happens that the war in novels, even in the hands of a skilled workman like Bourget, loses its importance, and the events and human acts in which it plays a part might have occurred equally well in ordinary times of peace. So far as I can see the only advantage war gives to the novelist is to make the death of a character easier to bring about when the plot requires such a consummation. In the years to come the novelist will lay the scene of his story during the Great European War of the twentieth century; then all the necessary material will be available, the events will have gathered a halo of romance, and time will have enabled them to be seen in their true proportion. At present the wife and husband and lover of Bourget's '*Le sens de la mort*,' the shirker and his sordid love affairs of Margueritte's '*L'embusqué*,' the German officer and his French fiancée of Mary Floran's '*L'ennemi*,' might all have played their undistinguished parts in times of absolute peace. But it should be said that many of the novelists, among them Pierre Loti, Maurice Barrès, Paul Adam, Marcelle Tinayre, Pierre Mille have abandoned fiction properly so called for war sketches of various

kinds and varying merit. Loti apologizes for the feebleness of his book.¹ It is, he says, 'trop anodin et pâle,' because the French language, formed in beauty, did not foresee the words that would be needed in the twentieth century to describe the monsters and the horrors, let loose on the world by the action of the Germans. Barrés has reprinted his contributions to newspapers in a series of volumes² under the generic title 'L'âme française et la guerre.' One of his chief pre-occupations is that the sacrifice of those who have died for their country shall be constructive, and that after the war the world shall be a better place, and life a finer thing than it was before.

Pierre Mille, perhaps the best living writer of short stories, has produced in his little book 'En croupe de Bellone,' written for the 'Collection "Bellum,"' established to give the best writers of the day an opportunity to express in a condensed form their views and feelings on the war and the questions arising from it,³ some veritable literary gems full of point, and abounding in both humour and pathos. By way of preface he relates with incisive irony how an American traveller in the year 3000 arrived in a land at the extremity of the continent of Asia inhabited by the native race, the Tchouktchis. By 3000 Europe had become a vast democracy, while America formed an auto-

¹ 'La Hyène enragée.'

² 'L'Union Sacrée,' Aug.-Oct., 1914; 'Les Saints de la France,' Nov., 1914-Jan., 1915; 'La croix de la guerre,' Jan.-March, 1915; 'L'amitié des tranchées,' March-May, 1915.

³ Among the contributors to the series are Paul Adam, Maurice Donnay, Remy de Gourmont and Emile Verhaeren.

cratic empire to counter-balance that of China. The Chief of the Tchouktchis had the title of emperor, or rather 'Kézer,' and both he and his subjects retained the barbarous habits of their ancestors. The 'Kézer' was descended from one who over a thousand years before had ruled over a great nation in the west, but unhappily the fancy took him to declare war on all the nations whose frontiers marched with his, and only because he was superlatively strong. He won great victories, west, east, to the right, to the left, in front of him and behind. His enemies merely retorted 'Et puis?' for they were like sea lions, very numerous and did not feel the harpoon through their thick hide. And they continued: 'Pourquoi fais-tu ça, toi, l'homme! A quoi ça peut-il te servir?' And he replied: 'Je cherche la paix. Je vous assure que je ne veux que la paix.' But the others replied, not comprehending: 'La paix? What is it? We haven't got it. You must go farther on. May be it's there.' And so he wandered on and on, always eastward and northward, till he reached the frozen seas.

'Il dit: "Je franchirai la mer gelée. Elle est grise et triste, mais solide. O mes soldats, un dernier effort!"

'Mais ses soldats ne parlèrent point. Il se retourna, et ne vit personne. Il n'y avait plus de soldats; tous étaient morts.'

Then he determined to buy men, but when he opened his coffers they were empty, 'tout l'or en avait coulé, à travers les espaces.' So he settled in the barbarian land, married a native woman, was

adopted by the chief as his heir, and his descendants were still reigning in the land in the year 3000. Mille's love of pathos is shown in the little piece 'À la mémoire de J. M.,' a funeral oration of great delicacy.

Paul Adam in 'La terre qui tonne' gives a realistic picture of the battle front, with its noise and confusion and horror. The book makes on me somewhat of the same impression that the reality of war made on a young friend who has returned with the loss of a leg, when someone said to him, 'You must have had a terrible time out there,' replied, 'Oh, no, not so bad; it wasn't much worse than the traffic in London.' I suppose he meant that each soldier gets through with the job allotted to him as best he can, and regards the noisy and bewildering surroundings in much the same attitude as we suffer the motors and waggons as we progress through the crowded London streets.

Of verse there has been little except inspired by the war. I have not been able to see enough of it to form a judgment as to its quality. It is to be hoped that some good verse is being written, for war is a proper subject for lyrical treatment. Whether in any of the countries now engaged in war someone is writing songs that will rank with Campbell's 'Hohenlinden,' the 'Battle of the Baltic,' or reflective and patriotic pieces that will stand worthily beside Wordsworth's Sonnets, composed under almost parallel circumstances, I cannot say; I hope it may be the case, but so far as France is concerned, nothing has as yet come my way.

Paul Fort has continued his prose poems: the eighteenth series of his 'Ballades Françaises' has appeared since the war, and I quote a portion of two of them aptly illustrating peace and war:

LES CHARMES DU LIEU.

'La fougeraie! ses crosses d'évêque!
Est-ce la peine d'aller à Rome?
Et tous ces monts-blancs de nuages!
Est-ce la peine d'aller en Suisse?
Et le cinéma du pays!
C'est-y bien la peine d'aller à Paris?'

'Je vois un froid pays: les yeux fixes je vois sur une basse plaine—est-ce Flandre ou Champagne, est-ce Alsace ou Lorraine?—tracer une charrue . . . un paysan la mène, haussant pour aiguillon la faux des jours de haine; soudain je vois flamber la nue . . . que vois-je encore? tous les sillons trembler et, sous des lueurs d'or, les grands bœufs labourer entre les croix des morts.

'1^{er} août, 1914.'

The leading magazines have gone their way, more or less as usual, and articles in the 'Revue des deux mondes,' the 'Revue de Paris,' the 'Mercure de France,' the 'Revue Hebdomadaire,' are of great interest; some deal with the war or questions arising from it, but a large proportion are of literary character, either critical or biographical, and will doubtless later appear in book form. It is to be hoped that this will be so with Charles de Rouvre's extremely interesting series of articles on 'L'amoureuse histoire d'Auguste Comte et Clotilde de Vaux.' The 'Mercure de France' did cease publication after 1st August, 1914, until

April, 1915, when it reappeared monthly, instead of fortnightly. The editors were at first overwhelmed by

'l'évènement formidable, qui renversait subitement toutes les valeurs, qui pesaient la littérature, la poésie, l'art, la philosophie, la science même, toutes choses qui sont notre joie et notre raison de vivre.'

But they received so many requests to continue their valuable work that they yielded, and the periodical is as good and as interesting as ever.

Of war books as such it is beyond my purpose to deal here. Few of them are literature, and as it is not possible for any one writer to take a general view of events as yet inconclusive and only surveyed piecemeal, these works are really documents for the future historian who will have to sift the grain from the chaff. I have read a number of such books, and several of them have been translated into English and published here. Two of these at least are valuable for the light they shed on certain aspects of the war; I must confess that in both France and my own country the best war books I find are those written by the literary artist who is able to bring his imagination to bear on the facts he has collected. In this connection I do not hesitate to maintain that the best account of the Dardanelles campaign we have so far, is to be found in Masfield's 'Gallipoli.'

René Benjamin's 'Gaspard le Poilu' gives an admirable picture of the French Tommy. Gaspard in private life is a 'marchand d'escargots' in the

Rue de la Gaîté, Paris. He has all the wit, humour, and malice of the Parisian of his class, and may be taken as a true type of the town-bred conscript of the French army. The work has appeared in an English translation. A book of a different character, equally enlightening and of greater literary power, is Gaston Riow's 'Journal d'un simple soldat: Guerre-Captivité.' Again the art of the practised writer assists the narrative and the description of the German prison camp is particularly valuable, and should help to console those whose sons and husbands are in captivity. Another book I put very high among the war literature is by Victor Bourdon, a private soldier in Péguy's company, who was wounded the day after Péguy was killed. The title runs 'Avec Charles Péguy de la Lorraine à la Marne. Août-Septembre, 1914.' Bourdon knew nothing of Péguy as a writer; he knew him only as his commanding officer. He gives a simple, almost, we may say, primitive account of what happened. The sole thought in the mind of the little company was that Paris must be saved at all costs. Bourdon probably never wrote anything before except occasionally a short letter, but until I read the narrative of this young soldier I never rightly understood what happened at the battle of the Marne. In choosing these volumes for special mention here, I am following my own predilections: there are scores of others by distinguished authors dealing with various aspects of the struggle. Scarcely any name of note is absent: Lanson, Hanotaux, Doumic, Frédéric Masson, Léon Daudet, Bergson, Etienne

Lamy, Beaunier, Barrés, Ohnet, Loti, Bordeaux, Loyson, Chevrillon, Davray, Chéradame, to take only a few writers known in England, have all produced something bearing on the war. Doubtless the future historian of the war will find such documents useful, but their present usefulness is not easily demonstrable. The sword is a better argument than the pen at this juncture.

No one would contend that the 257 authors 'morts pour la patrie' were all of them famous or even likely to become so. But a proportion of them showed distinct promise, while writers like Péguy, Emile Nolly, Ernest Psichari, Art Roë, Louis Pergaud, Paul Acker, Robert d'Humières, André Lafon, Alain Fournier, had already an established reputation. It has never been realized in England how many professional soldiers in France were also writers of distinction. Of the authors just mentioned three, Psichari, Art Roë, and Emile Nolly, were distinguished officers.

Psichari, a grandson of Renan, was a lieutenant of colonial infantry. His 'Appel des Armes' shows his belief that war may be the saviour of a nation. As a military novelist Art Roë (Lieutenant Colonel Patrice Mahon) takes higher rank. His written work was not known to a large public, but his picture of the French officer in his 'Pingot et moi: journal d'un sous-officier d'artillerie' brought him well-deserved celebrity. He entirely succeeded in what he set out to do, which was:

'Analyser les impressions qu'un jeune officier éprouve en entrant au service; dire sa joie de rencontrer enfin son

devoir, de découvrir jour par jour cette vie, belle entre toutes, son bonheur d'agir, sa fierté de vouloir, sa jouissance de posséder des hommes et de les appartenir; puis, par moments, le remous en lui de ses souvenirs studieux; son souci, dans le fort où il est retranché, d'entendre hors des remparts, au delà des fossés, si loin, hélas! le bruit que font ses pairs en menant, eux, la bataille des idées.'

A student of Spinoza and of Pascal, as well as an expert in gunnery, he tried to raise his men up to his level, and his death in the Vosges in the first month of the war is greatly to be deplored. It is clear from their works that these soldier-writers felt that a struggle with Germany was inevitable, and it is sad to reflect that they were not spared to see the triumph of right and justice. Paul Acker was not like the men just mentioned, a soldier by profession, but in his book '*Le Soldat Bernard*' he has produced the best argument ever advanced in favour of a conscript army. It should be translated and put into the hands of all who still doubt. Robert d'Humières was known in England as the author of '*L'île et l'Empire de Grande Bretagne*' (1904), and as the translator into French of Kipling's '*Jungle-book*.' Probably in many ways the greatest loss to letters is Alain Fournier, whose novel '*Le Grand Meaulnes*' was a delightful piece of fantasy, and gave distinct promise of better things to come. The little volume is a sign that even before the war the French genius had begun to see that it is not the province of pure literature to deal with problems of philosophy, or sociology, or medicine, or politics, and proves that an attempt was being made to return to the attitude of the

greater writers who regarded literature as a 'divertissement' in the best sense of the term.

Had space permitted I would have liked to say a word about the deaths, not due to the war, of several great Frenchmen during this period who will not easily be replaced. Of Remy de Gourmont I have already written.¹ Others who have passed away are Paul Hervieu, Henri Fabre, Charles de Pomairols, the Marquis de Vogüé, the Marquis de Ségur, and Paul Leroy-Beaulieu. With these I should like to name the great actor Mounet-Sully; although he was not a man of letters he was a fine interpreter of literature, for his renderings of Corneille and of Sophocles made the writer's art a living thing, and perhaps no one in any country so well understood how to speak verse, an art that in these days bids fair to become extinct.

ELIZABETH LEE.

¹ See 'THE LIBRARY' for last April.

THE BALLADS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON.

BEFORE Villon gave to the world the handful of ballads and other verses which constitute his memorial, poetical expression in France, as elsewhere, was cramped and narrow, and brooded over by that spirit of mediævalism which was exemplified in the stiff and often turgid hitherto existing poetry of chivalry, religion and mythology. This sort of poetry hardly touched at any point the pulsating life of the people, high or low, and its study and production were only a species of mental calisthenics reserved for the most part for the perhaps somewhat epicene denizens of the castles and monasteries. Of poetry which touched upon the facts of life, its emotions, its impulses, its lights and shades, often as in Villon's case its hypocrisies and villainies, and used the vernacular of the day, there was in France until Villon's time nothing. It is consequently to the possession of these qualities, till then new, that the poetry of Villon owes its importance, for inherent beauty and delicacy hardly exist in what he wrote. He had a fairly wide, although superficial education, and while he ignored tradition, no doubt did so without set purpose, and now and again the divine

afflatus of genius raised him from the clever rhyming of most of his verse to the great heights which we find in his best work.

The scanty details known at present of the life of François de Montcorbier, generally called Villon, are familiar enough to students of the interesting and chaotic period of French history in which he lived. Society was disorganized; life and property were rarely safe, and the population in general was miserably poor. This state of affairs was particularly marked during the half-century from about 1425 onwards. The poet's short life of not much more than thirty years—we really know nothing about him after 1461—was during its last decade punctuated by a number of collisions with a brutal penal code, two of which were nearly fatal to him, and it was this period which was illuminated by occasional flashes of poetic genius showing through the murky atmosphere of his surroundings. It is upon these flashes that his enduring reputation as a poet rests.

We may safely assume that the dates given by Villon in his two Testaments are correct and are almost exactly those of the composition of the two sets of verses. We cannot, however, be so sure as to the dates of the ballads, except in one or two obvious instances where collateral evidence helps us, for some of those introduced into the greater Testament may have been composed much earlier than that work itself.

The ballads then, interspered through the greater Testament, or appearing as separate pieces elsewhere in his works, represent Villon's most impor-

tant claims on the attention of posterity. The term ballad is perhaps not, in every instance in which the poet uses it, quite accurate; but it serves its purpose in a general way very well to describe these pieces. These ballads represent Villon's poetic genius at its highest, or certainly, when the term high is inappropriate, in its greatest power; for if he seldom soars into the empyrean of really great poetry, we must recognise that there is enormous power, vividness and directness in some of his verse which shows few of the higher qualities of poetical conception. The ballads must thus be considered apart from the body of the Testaments, from which they markedly differ in character and structure. The Testaments (the Lesser containing, by the way, no ballads), are comic, satirical, topical, witty, and sometimes obviously insincere, often cynical and bitter, with occasional pathos and poignant glimpses into the soul of the poet. They contain much local and personal allusion, which is highly amusing and interesting despite the fewness of the clues to its meaning at present in our hands. Nobody can hope to go further or do more in this respect than Lognon and Champion in French and Payne in English, in whose exhaustive works every clue is traced as far as possible, and every reasonable inference and plausible conjecture used to the uttermost. The glimpses of life in fifteenth century Paris which we get in these Testaments, visualized for us in their verses, with all the dust and turmoil, the squalor and debauchery, the knaveries and irresponsibilities of the period, are of arresting

interest and possess a realism almost unique in vividness and intensity. Payne's essay on this aspect of the subject is brilliant and scholarly, and Stevenson, of course, has given us a classic.

Villon was, perhaps, even more of a '*lusus naturæ*' than most geniuses, and his instincts caused him to sink to a stratum of the French society of his day, in which he found boon companions immeasurably his inferiors in every respect save the thieving and drinking which led at least two of them to make the dolorous journey to the gibbet at Montfaucon or elsewhere. As is well known, Villon himself only just escaped the same fate for having been concerned in a particular audacious burglary organized by the gang with which he was at the time connected, and it was while in durance, perhaps with several of its members, and in the grip of an apparently ineluctable fate that he wrote the famous epitaph, in form of a ballad, beginning: '*Frères humains qui après nous vivez.*' This, though it is usually printed near the end of any edition of the works of the poet, is one of the best examples with which to begin a consideration of his ballads. In this poem the nonsense has, so to say, been completely knocked out of Villon, and he is face to face with stark reality in a most uncompromising and terrifying form. There is no glimmer of hope that escape from impending doom is possible, and all the hideous concomitants of the fate of the victims of the Provost's rope are bitten deep into the plate of his imagination by a vivid recognition of what was apparently immediately in store for him. The poem is an etching of the

sharpest kind from this plate, and it has qualities which make it almost unique in literature.

The first verse is a plaintive appeal to those 'human brothers' who outlive the unfortunate speaker and his companions, to be merciful in their judgments of them and to pray God to absolve them from their sins. The second verse continues in the same strain, and admits the justice of the sentence. The third and last is perhaps the most realistically gruesome in the whole range of literature. We are made to see the circling flocks of carrion eaters, 'pies corbeaulx,' and we hear them streaming around the hideous landmark on the St. Denis road, a wholesale instrument of execution always laden with rotting corpses, twisting and swinging in the wind. The verse sends a shudder through the modern reader, and we feel that Villon himself shuddered as he wrote it. Clearly he had studied this terrifying spectacle at close range, and remembered every detail, when escape from a like fate for himself seemed impossible. In this poem there is nothing of the mockery, satire and raillery so frequent in much that the poet wrote, nothing of the gamin grinning through the lines sometimes evident in his verses, particularly in parts of the Testaments. There is here desperate contrition and a shuddering consciousness of what the whole thing really meant. The horrific experience did not, however, affect the volatile character of the poet to any great or permanent extent, and he was afterwards more than once in the clutches of the law. His release from the dungeon at Meung was a most unusual piece of good fortune and for him

most opportune, seeming almost to show that he was watched over by an especial providence. In this case he did not admit the justice of his sentence, and was very bitter against the Bishop of Orleans, whom he rightly held to be responsible for his sojourn in a cistern-like dungeon which he left apparently in a state of physical collapse.

We can be sorry for Villon, who was undoubtedly in a general way a victim of fifteenth century penal brutality; but we cannot blame the Bishop very much, for he too was a victim in another way, and probably had no particular animosity towards the poet, whom he looked upon only as a disreputable marauder who had fallen from grace. Villon's physical state after this experience was such that the visit of Louis XI to Meung in 1461 and the pardon he bestowed came apparently only just in time to save the poet from death in the dungeon. This visit occurred in October, and Villon immediately afterwards wrote the Greater Testament, and as a living man is heard of no more.

What may have been Villon's motive in writing the ballad of 'La grosse Margot' we shall never know, but if we can dignify it with the title of poem, we can also say that it is probably the most unpleasant ever written. Villon seems, in a very convulsion of disgust and mental nausea, to have determined to lay bare, without the least compromise or decency, the very worst manifestations of the weakness and vileness under which at this time in his career he was submerged. It is a grim, hideous and repellent performance, vivid and

powerful in its very unpleasantness, and unfortunately, much as we might like to do so, we cannot put it down merely as a 'jeu d'esprit' without real personal reference to any episode in the life of the author. The best that can be said is that there may be a certain amount of exaggeration to which a poet is always entitled, but it apparently refers to a real relationship, and must be accepted as such—and passed over.

This is not Villon's only excursion into unpleasant verse. We may take another. The ballad generally known as that 'of slanderous tongues' and called by its writer simply 'Ballade,' as uncompromisingly savage a piece of invective as it is possible to imagine, shows what Villon could do in this direction when he wished. The 'thick and slab' charm in Macbeth is a mild and pleasant concoction compared with the poet's recipe for the tongues of the evil speakers. The sewer is almost the cleanest place from which he has drawn his vocabulary, and as an example of invective the piece is unequalled.

In the 'Ballade que Villon feit a la requeste de sa mere pour prier nostre-dame' we see him at as high a level of poetry as he ever touched. The prayer, supposed to come from an illiterate and devout old woman, is full of pathos, sincerity and simple piety, and the language and choice of words in the first few lines beginning: 'Dame des cieulx, regente terrienne, Emperiere des infernaux paluz,' suggest the reverberations of the 'pealing anthem' in a cathedral. Some particular church appears to have been in the mind of the poet when this

ballad was written, for one or two lines seem to suggest certain definite paintings representing the infernal regions and the punishment of sinners, as well as celestial rewards for the devout. The poem attains to a high degree of the qualities of simplicity and 'naiveté,' and it is very remarkable that it should have come from the same pen as that which wrote the ballad of 'La grosse Margot' and the ballad of slanderous tongues. It is the only one of Villon's compositions to which the adjective charming is appropriate. The poet's mother, as far as we can discover, was the only person for whom he had a permanent and unselfish affection, and this was entirely reciprocated. It is interesting to note in passing that the idea of the infernal regions suggested in this poem is similar to that in part of 'Dante's Inferno,' as is indicated by the words 'des infernaux paluz.' The idea of heat is not essential to these unpleasant localities in mediæval conceptions.

Villon's usual mental attitude was one of fatalism, which with his insincerity constituted his most prominent characteristics, and both these constantly obtrude themselves in his poems. In his 'ballade des dames du temps jadis' we see the former quality strikingly manifested, but in this instance the insincerity is not in evidence. This ballad, with its refrain 'mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?' is Villon's best known. It is a plaintive bit of fatalism, a lilting 'memento mori,' containing a list of names of women, more or less well-known according to the poet's lights, who have strutted and fretted their hours upon the stage and

then have been seen no more. All have gone the way of last year's snow, and the lives of all point the moral. There must have been many instances among his acquaintances for whose careers the evanescence of last year's snows made a suitable comparison. The ballad called '*des seigneurs du temps jadis*' is similar in theme, having, however, its own refrain, '*mais ou est le preux Charlemagne?*' and is not so interesting as the preceding. A second ballad of similar purport was written to illustrate the instability of everything human in all ranks and classes. The train of thought and the philosophy running through these ballads resemble what we see in the '*Todtentanz*,' but are more delicately expressed and have more poetical glamour than is to be found in the cruder and more gruesome '*Dance of Death*.' Much of Villon's work shows him to have been a hedonist and a libertine, often gross and unrestrained; but occasionally as in these ballads he rises above this slough and displays qualities of pensive fatalism and real pathos which lift his productions into a clearer atmosphere and permit us to include him among the great poets—great in having given us a few great things, but obviously not great in the sense of universality and pre-eminence as the term would be applied to Shakespeare, and in a less degree to a few others.

Villon has left us another poem of a similar sort to those we have just been considering, but more unpleasantly realistic and without their delicacy. This long ballad, '*Les Regrets de la belle Hëaulmière*,' is the wailing complaint of an aged and decrepit woman, perhaps really a '*hëaulmière*,' or

perhaps a less reputable person, to whom this designation was applied as a nickname. The picture put before us of feminine physical deterioration and loss of beauty is exceedingly vivid, and the realism of the description leaves very little to the imagination. In spite of this the ballad is pathetic and sympathy cannot be denied to the shrunken wreck of what was once according to her own description a beautiful young woman. It is a picture drawn before Villon's time and many times since in poetry and prose, but very seldom have the colours been laid on so firmly, so vividly and with such simple inevitableness in bringing the picture before the mind's eye as is here the case. The final verse gives a striking and pathetic picture of the last stage in the life of 'la belle heaulmiere' and some of her associates, huddled in abject poverty around a miserable fire of dried hemp-stalks. Like much else that the poet wrote, this must be read with a large mental allowance for the looser moral code of the time when it was written, and we must remember that there is an impassable chasm between fifteenth century frankness and twentieth century reticence. Villon was aiming at pathetic effect and realism, and he has in this ballad attained both. When this unfortunate woman speaks, his habitual insincerity and cynicism are suppressed.

At the time when the poet wrote the ballad which he designates as 'Villon a s'amyé' he thought, or pretended to think, himself very hardly used by Catherine Vaucelles (or Vaucel). Whatever the facts may have been, the poet used the

alleged dereliction as the theme for a ballad which is one of his best. It is an attack on an unnamed lady who is accused of having been cruelly false, but sympathy would be accorded in larger measure to the poet if his sincerity were more certain. The last verse of this ballad gives another example of Villon's tendency towards fatalism, so noticeable in many of his other poems. He is vindictive enough to suggest that the time will come when the lady's beauty will wither and pale, and that he would take the opportunity of jeering at her, were it not that he himself by that time would be old and without the power to laugh. If this is a bid for commiseration, it does not ring true. It may be noted that the first and third verses contain his name in acrostic, a trick not uncommon with the poet.

In his 'Ballade des Femmes de Paris,' Villon shows that he was a true Parisian at least in one respect. He would not admit that anything Parisian could be surpassed. In this case it is the women of Paris whom he praises as unsurpassable, particularly in their power of retort. His tribute to the vituperative powers of the fifteenth century Parisian fishwife must be accepted as that of an expert.

This ballad is a bequest to a certain charitable Mademoiselle de Bruyère, who is believed to have devoted her time and money to the assistance of some of the unfortunate women of Paris. It is difficult to see what reason Villon had for this singular legacy, unless he was moved by a spirit of mischievous raillery. When he was in prison or

very soon after his release, Villon composed a very characteristic 'epistre en forme de ballade a ses amis.' In it he appeals in a pathetic strain to the pity and good offices of his friends and acquaintances, among whom he includes members of all the classes from which his habits of life would lead us to expect him to draw them—ladies, dancers, mountebanks, singers, clerks and all the rest, and likewise to noble lords, who by their rank need acknowledge no authority and are consequently in Villon's eyes in a highly enviable position. In the 'envoi' he begs the latter sort, among those whom he is addressing, to importune the King for his pardon. How much sincerity there is in this ballad it is difficult to say. Probably there is not much, and if Villon really wrote it in his dungeon, we may be reasonably certain that he had his eye on the 'ad misericordiam' effect more than anything else. Although we may be quite sure that he was exceedingly unhappy and uncomfortable in prison, if this poem is really what it pretends to be and not merely a 'tour de force,' we need not assume that he suffered any more acutely than the ordinary individual not endowed with the sensitiveness of poetic genius, though his expression of suffering is more articulate and effective.

In the 'ballade de bonne doctrine' Villon appears in an unusual and for him a somewhat unexpected rôle, that of the giver of good advice to those 'de mauvaise vie.' He descants on the uselessness of cheating, knavery and violence, not be it observed because of any essential immorality in these things, but because the result is 'tout aux

tavernes et aux filles.' What we know of Villon's habits prevents our thinking this anything but the height of insincerity, and there is here much of this quality, the presence of which Stevenson emphasized so strongly as one of the poet's most marked characteristics. In the last verse of this ballad he advises those whom he is addressing to take to some honest way of earning a livelihood, such as tending horses. There is not much probability that he would ever have acted upon such advice himself, for steady and unexciting occupation was certainly not in the least to his taste.

What its author calls the 'Ballade par laquelle Villon crye mercy à chascun' is one of his most interesting, though not poetically important. It is introduced very near the end of the greater Testament, and in its 'envoi' Villon says 'Je crie à toutes gens mercis.' He crowds into its twenty-four lines a veritable microcosm of the world as he saw it. Through the lines runs a vivid procession of the variegated populace of Paris, particularly that part which most impressed and attracted the poet. The infusion of the disreputable element is strongly marked, but the picture is sharply drawn, and we can see all the varieties of humanity which the quick eye of the poet comprehended and the nimble fingers and the seething brain fixed in verse. One thing Villon would not do. He absolutely refused to 'cry mercy' to those who were responsible for keeping him in prison and feeding him on bread and water. The enforcement of a diet such as this he could never forgive, for delicate food and plenty of wine were to him

the 'ne plus ultra' of what was desirable in existence, their possession by himself to be enjoyed with the most complete abandon, and their enjoyment by others to be looked at with a concentrated and ravenous envy.

Villon wrote other ballads than those which have been described, but not many. In general they all show his character, his attainments and his ability more than the ordinary text of the two Testaments. They and their author occupy a unique place in literature. There is in them what at the time was a novel spontaneity and likewise an intense realism. They broke away from tradition and showed a disregard for and probable ignorance of previous standards of poetical composition and models. Villon had, undoubtedly, with his quick wits acquired a certain amount of such classical knowledge as was then available, and this was mixed with mediæval lore from the tales of chivalry, romance and mythology which formed the whole of the imaginative literature of the period, but all this knowledge was superficial and carelessly or ignorantly used. In what he wrote he was undoubtedly insincere, obviously cynical, and apparently cowardly, though his cowardice may have been largely the result of the moral bankruptcy of the last decade of his life following his physical and psychical deterioration.

Villon's vogue and reputation even during his life must have been very considerable, for there are still in existence several more or less complete manuscripts of his works. Of the printed editions, the notes which follow give a conspectus. As

might be expected, the early ones are all of the most extreme rarity. In 1533 Villon had his first editor in Clement Marot, but from 1542 to 1723 there was no new edition. The study of his life and works has very greatly increased during the last half-century, and is now on a scientific basis.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES, ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY.

1. *Le grant testament Villon & le petit. Son codicille. Le jargon & ses balades.* With the mark of P. Levet. 'Imprime à paris Lan mil. cccc quatre vings et neuf.'

Fifty-eight leaves, quarto, a, b, c, g, h in eights, d, e, f in sixes. This is the first dated and the earliest known printed edition. There is a perfect copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and also another wanting several leaves. In the British Museum there is a copy wanting a portion of one leaf.

2. A fifteenth century edition in the Bibliothèque Nationale, undated and wanting the title.

It should have 58 unnumbered leaves, a to f in eights, g, 10 leaves.

3. A fifteenth century edition, 'Imprime a paris par germain bineaut, Imprimeur demourant au saumont devant le pallois, l'an mil mii c quatre vings & dix.

Fifty-eight leaves, long lines with wood-cuts.

4. Another fifteenth century edition, undated, but about 1490.

Also with 58 leaves. There is a copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and there was also one in the collection of Baron J. de Rothschild.

5. Another fifteenth century issue with the mark of Jean Treperel, with his device and colophon, 'Imprime a Paris par Jehan Treperel demourant sur le pont nostre dame a lenseigne saït laurens: Acheve lan mil quatre cës quatre vingtz et xvii, Le viii iour de Iullet.'

Fifty-one leaves, quarto. Copies in the Bibliothèque Nationale and in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal.

6. Another, an undated edition, 'Imprime a paris par Jehan Treperel,' and carrying the mark of M. Lenoir.

Fifty-two leaves, quarto.

7. Another edition also by Treperel, 'Imprime a Paris par Jehan Treperel sur le pont Nostre Dame a lenseigne Saït Laurës; Acheve l'an mil quatre cës quatre vingtz & xvii le viii jour de Iullet.'

Sixty leaves, quarto. Perhaps before No. 5.

8. Another edition before 1500. 'Imprime a paris par Pierre Caron: demourant en la rue de la iuifrie, ou a la premiere porte du palais.

Forty-four leaves, with wood-cuts, quarto.

9. An edition after 1500 by Treperel, similar to No. 7.

10. An undated edition, about 1505, 'Imprime a paris par Michel le noir demourant a limage nostre dame deuant saint Denys de la chartre.'

Eighteen leaves printed in double columns. Baron de Rothschild had a copy.

11. Another similar edition printed by Le Noir from another address, 'a l'enseigne de la rose blâche couronnee.' Not dated. Quarto.

12. An octavo edition about 1515, 'Imprime a Paris. Et se vend a la rue neufue nostre Dame a l'enseigne Sainet Nicolas.'

This is an octavo, a-f in eights.

13. Another edition in quarto about 1520. 'Imprime a Paris en la rue neufue nostre Dame a l'enseigne de l'escu de France.' This was produced by the widow of Treperel in association with Jannot.

14. An edition in octavo not dated, but about 1520, printed by Guillaume Nyverd.

Forty-eight leaves.

15. A similar undated octavo edition by Nyverd, with a slightly different colophon.

16. A similar undated octavo edition, by the widow of Nyverd.

17. An undated edition in 16mo, by Denys Janot (or Jannot), printed in Roman type.

This is the first edition so printed, gothic type having been hitherto used.

18. A similar edition, 16mo, also in Roman letter, and dated both on title and in colophon 1532. 'Ce present livre a este acheve de imprimer

a Paris, Le xx jour de Iuillet mvcxxxii pour Galliot du Pre, Libraire iure de Luniversite de Paris.'

First dated edition in Roman type, 146 leaves, unnumbered.

19. A similar edition in 16mo, printed by Anthoine Bonnemere and dated 1532. One hundred and thirty-six leaves.

20. An edition in very small octavo, published the last day of September, 1533, from the shop of Galliot du Pre. The title reads: 'Les Oeuures de Francoys Villon de Paris reuues & remises en leur entier par Clement Marot valet de Chambre du Roy. Distique du dict Marot. Peu de Villons en bon savoir. Trop de Villons pour decevoir. On les vend en Paris en la grant salle du Palais en la boutique de Galliot du Pre.'

This is the first appearance of Villon's works with a real editor. The earlier editions were apparently simply revised and arranged according to the views of the respective printers.

21. Another edition, dated 1533, in 16mo. 'On les vent a Paris en la rue Neufue Nostre Dame à l'enseigne Sainct Nicolas.

This had no editor.

22. Another edition of 1533, 16mo size, described as: 'nouuellement Imprimees a Paris,' and containing 136 leaves. The publishers were Alain Lotrian and D. Janot.

23. An undated edition, without date or printer's name, small octavo, and, according to the title,

edited by Clement Marot. Apparently a reprint of No. 20.

24. An edition almost exactly like No. 20. The last leaf has been reprinted.

25. An edition dated 1537. 'On les vend à Lyon Chez Francoys Juste.' Small octavo.

26. A similar edition, with imprint 'On les vend à Paris en la boutique de Jehan Audry.' Probably about 1540. Sexto-decimo or small octavo.

27. A similar edition, with the imprint of 'F. Regnauld.'

28. A similar edition, with imprint of 'Denis da Long.'

29. The works of Villon, forming apparently the terminal portion of Vol. III of the works of Marot. Printed by Arnoul and Charles les Angeliers, after 1540.

30. A similar edition, printed by Jehan Bignon.

31. A edition undated, but printed 'a lenseigne de Lhomme Sauvage chez Nicolas Gilles.' Sexto-decimo.

32. Another, printed at Paris by Ambroise Gyrault; also 16mo.

This is the last edition, so far as is known, for nearly 200 years.

33. 'Les Oeuures de Francois Villon. A Paris De l'imprimerie d'Antoine Urbain Coustelier, Imprimeur-Libraire de S.A.R. Monseigneur le

Duc d'Orleans MDCCXXIII. Avec Approbation & Privilege du Roy.' Small octavo.

34. Another eighteenth century edition. 'A la Haie chés Adrien Moetjens MDCCXLII.' Small octavo, but somewhat larger than No. 32.

Both of these last two editions reprint Marot's 'Aux Lecteurs.'

35. 'Oeuvres de Maistre Francois Villon. Corrigées & complétées d'après plusieurs manuscrits qui n'étaient pas connues, précédées d'un mémoire accompagnées de leçons diverses & de commentaires. Par J.-H.-R.-Prompsault. Paris Imprimerie de Béthune, rue Palatine No. 5. 1832.'

Small Octavo, 479 pages. The first biographical and critical edition, and on the whole successful. It appears to have been reissued by another printer in 1835.

36. 'Oeuvres Completes.' 'Avec des Notes historique & littéraires par P. L. Jacob, Bibliophile.' Paris, 1854, 16mo, xxxvii-364 pages.

37. 'Les deux Testaments de Villon. Par Paul L. Jacob.' December, 1866, 16mo, iii-118 pages.

38. 'Oeuvres Completes.' Avec Notes et glossaire par M. Pierre Jannet.' Paris, 1867, 16mo, xxiv-271 pages. Occurs with various publishers' names.

39. A reprint of one of Treperel's sixteenth century editions. 1869. Octavo.

40. 'Oeuvres de Francois Villon. Par Paul Lacroix, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque de L'Arsenal. 1877. Octavo.

41. 'Oeuvres Completes.' Par M. Louis Moland. Garmer Frères Editeurs. 1879. Duodecimo.

42. 'Oeuvres Completes de Francois Villon. Par Auguste Longnon, Membre de l'Institut.' Paris, Lemerre, 1892. Octavo.

An exhaustive and beautifully printed edition with a particularly complete 'Notice Bibliographique.' For more complete details of the various editions so far mentioned, the reader is referred to this scholarly work.

In addition to the editions in this list, there were several incomplete issues, and at least one provincial edition, published at Dijon in 1884.

43. 'Francois Villon, Sa Vie et Son Temps.' Champion, Paris, 1913. 2 vols. Octavo.

A monumental work on the subjects indicated by its title, containing many illustrations.

EDITIONS IN ENGLISH.

1. 'The Poems of Master Francis Villon of Paris, now first done into English verse in the original forms by John Payne,' etc. London Printed for the Villon Society for Private Distribution MDCCCLXXVIII.

This is the unabridged edition, of which 157 copies were printed. Small quarto. It contains the 'Ballade' to Payne by Théodore de Banville and a short biographical note of the poet, as well as some explanatory notes at the end. The translation is scholarly and erudite, but there is a tendency to use rather too many archaic words. The book was reprinted in 1881 with some

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omissions and again in 1892. In 1881, the 'Introduction,' Payne's brilliant essay, first appears, and in 1892 the work was revised and enlarged.

2. In 1900, T. B. Mosher of Portland, Maine reprinted Payne's edition in its form of 1892.

3. In 1913 was published 'The Poems of Francois Villon. Translated by H. De Vere Stacpoole. London, Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row, E.C. This is a somewhat pretentious and unscholarly effort.

E. MARION COX.

NOTES ON OLD BOOKS.

IT is proposed during the present year to reserve a few pages in each number of 'THE LIBRARY' for bibliographical notes on old books, in order to put on record any new discoveries or corrections of old errors that are being made in the case of books of some little interest, and occasionally to write about even dull books if they serve to illustrate the ways of their printers or any fresh development of bibliographical method. Notes fulfilling either of these conditions will be gladly welcome.

THE TWO 1755 EDITIONS OF FIELDING'S
'JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO LISBON.'

It is with some reluctance that I begin my personal contributions to these notes by expressing my dissent from the conclusions reached by Mr. F. Dickson in his very interesting article in the present number. Fortunately Mr. Dickson has stated that the literary and biographical evidence so fully and clearly that his article retains its value whether his conclusions are accepted or not. My own researches arise entirely out of his, and began with verifying in the case of the copies of the rival

editions at the British Museum his statement that the four-page 'Dedication to the Public' at the beginning of each edition is from the same setting up. In verifying this I noticed that not only is this so, but in each case the paper bears the watermark of a star. Now this watermark of a star is found throughout the unedited text, while the edited shows as its watermark a fleur-de-lys. If any but a very brief interval separated the two editions, this would prove decisively that the unedited text was printed at the same time as the dedication, and must therefore be the earlier. But the natural order of printing would be (i) text of first edition, (ii) dedication, (iii) text of second edition, and if the second edition followed close on the first, it is conceivable that the original supply of paper ran out after the text of the first edition was printed, and that the same paper was used for the dedication and the text of the second.

My second argument seems to me to dispose of this possibility. There are no 'laws' in bibliography, only generalizations, but there is no generalization with fewer exceptions (personally I can think of none) than that (as between two early editions) the one which has smaller type, more lines to a page and fewer pages is the later. The instinct to save a little money in reprinting seems to be perennial, and from the fifteenth century onward this test is continually applicable. Now the edited text has smaller type, more lines to a page and fewer pages, though this last fact is disguised by the pagination of the unedited text going back to 193 after it had reached 240. I have,

therefore, no doubt, that the unedited text was the one first printed, and that 'brother John's version' was the later.

A smaller point on the same side is that the preface and introduction in the unedited edition are (rightly) printed without spaces between the paragraphs, while in the edited text the printer has spaced them. The spaces are appropriate in the text of the Journal to mark off one topic from another, though they are unintelligently used. In a continuous introduction they are not appropriate. The distinction would be present in the mind of the original printers, whereas in reprinting the fact that part of the book was thus spaced might easily lead to the spacing of the rest.

A. W. POLLARD.

NOTE ON AN ADAPTED COPY OF CRASHAW'S
POEMS (STEPS TO THE TEMPLE, THE DELIGHTS
OF THE MUSES, AND CARMEN DEO NOSTRO)

1670.

This volume has no frontispiece; the text is identical with that of the 1670 volume, except in two particulars:

- (1) The title-page to Carmen Deo Nostro is missing.
- (2) The general title-page has been replaced by a specially printed one, modelled on the missing title to Carmen Deo Nostro, but 'Most Humbly' is spaced as in the earlier edition of 1652.

*General title-page of the volume
belonging to John Lidyat to which
this note refers.*

Sacred
Poems
Collected,
Corrected,
Augmented,
Most Humbly Presented,
To My
Valentine
Mrs. Margaret
Neal
By her most devoted servant
John Lidyat

Death and Absence differ only
in this, / That / Absence is but
a Short Death, and / Death / a
long Absence. / Who takes every
acquaintance for a / Friend, / is
like him who takes every / Pebble
Stone / for a Diamond.

Dedicated in the year MDCLXXV

*Particular title-page to the Carmen
Deo Nostro Section of Crashaw's
Poems (1670).*

Carmen
Deo Nostro,
Te Decet Hymnus.
Sacred Poems,
Collected,
Corrected,
Augmented,
Most
Humbly Presented,
To
My Lady
The
Countesse
of
Denbigh

By her Most devoted Servant
Rich. Crashaw

In hearty acknowledgement of
his immortal Obligation to her
Goodness and Charity. /

The format of each volume is the same, and the watermark of the paper; in both volumes 113-4 is omitted in pagination and (O3) has no signature. It seems quite clear that John Lidyat obtained a copy of the 1670 volume and deliberately altered it in this way for presentation purposes. Was he a printer? or was the new title-page privately printed for him by Herringman who had printed the 1670 volume? I have not been able to identify John Lidyat or to trace a duplicate copy of his book.

HUGH C. H. CANDY.

THE PLAY OF 'SIR THOMAS MORE' AND SHAKESPEARE'S HAND IN IT.

THE announcement late last year by an expert in palæography that a holograph manuscript of Shakespeare is preserved in the British Museum was an event of national importance, though the Press universally ignored it. Perhaps that was characteristic of 'the usual channels of information,' as we call them in satiric moments; but the omission was deplorable, even in war time. For the claim was not the shallow guesswork of an amateur; it was the outcome of an exhaustive study of Shakespeare's handwriting, made by so high an authority as Sir Edward Maunde Thompson.¹

The work crowned with this unique distinction is a play entitled 'The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore,' preserved in Harley MS. 7368. It is a thin folio, the thirteen original leaves of which have been identified as in the autograph of Anthony Munday. A mixed assortment of plays, pageants, poems, translations of romances, annals, and miscellaneous pamphlets issued from his facile pen between 1577 and 1633. Once, and once only, a contemporary made the mistake of placing him on a

¹ 'Shakespeare's Handwriting. A Study by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson.' Oxford, the Clarendon Press, 1916. See also the first Review.

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pinnacle of genius. Looking round on the theatrical world in 1598, Francis Meres enumerated the chief English writers of comedy, and from a group which included Shakespeare, singled out Munday as 'our best plotter.' Even if his other plays afforded any justification for this extravagant eulogy, 'Sir Thomas More' would go far to invalidate it. It is just a dramatised biography like 'The true and honorable historie, of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham,' in which Munday collaborated in 1599, and 'The True Chronicle Historie of the whole life and death of Thomas Lord Cromwell,' a play of unknown authorship published in 1601. These works are a narrowing down of the chronicle play proper, which in Shakespeare's hands acquired a national significance, and the stress laid on their 'truth' is unconscious testimony to their low dramatic value. Munday was not the kind of playwright to overcome by any felicity of touch the difficulties inherent in this type of drama. He pounds away with a heavy hand at his intractable material, but he does make an effort to turn More's homely humour to account for purposes of comic relief, and he imports some brisk life into the action by working up from Hall's 'Chronicle' the record of Evil May-day—the apprentices' riot of 1517, which was quelled by the intervention of More.

Unfortunately this praiseworthy expedient brought him into collision with the censorship. On the first leaf of the text is a curt marginal note by Edmund Tylney, Master of the Revels from

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1579 to 1607, to whom plays had to be submitted for licensing, ordering the players to 'Leaue out the insurrection wholly' and its causes, and merely 'report' More's services in suppressing it: 'A short reportt and nott otherwise att your own perrilles.'

The nervous attitude of the licenser could not be better illustrated. He was instinctively on his guard, not against open attacks on the government—which were necessarily rare—but against any form of writing which he held to be fraught with lawless or disloyal suggestion. The historic occasion of the riot of 1517 was the competition of foreigners in the labour market by which 'the poore English artificers coulde skarce get any lyuyng,' and the tyranny, amounting to open outrage, practised upon Londoners by highly-placed Frenchmen and Lombards. So the mob took the law into their own hands. Munday's attempt to portray the attack was from the official standpoint highly reprehensible.

Come gallant bloods, you, whose free soules doo scorne
to beare th'enforced wrongs of Aliens.

Add rage to resolution, fire the houses
of these audacious straungers. . . .

Shall these enioy more priuiledge then we
in our owne countrie? lets then become their slaues.

Since iustice keeps not them in greater awe
weele be our selues rough ministers at lawe.

Tylney, with a spice of Dogberry in his composition, vetoed all criticism of the higher powers, but he surely over-estimated the educative value of the theatre when he had this and similar passages

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excised for fear of their proving an object-lesson in sedition. He even shrank from admitting the appearance of discontent: 'Mend y'" is his comment against the following lines:

My Lord of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Palmer,
might I with pacience tempte your graue aduise.
I tell ye true, that in these daungerous times,
I doo not like this frowning vulgare brow.
My searching eye did neuer entertaine,
a more distracted countenance of greefe
then I haue late obseru'de
in the displeased coñions of the Cittie.

The effect on the play was disastrous. As Munday planned it, it opened with a lively illustration of the Englishmen's grievances. A foreigner enters dragging in Doll Williamson, a married Englishwoman, who shakes him off and threatens to 'lay him along on Gods deare earthe'; this Amazon, a creation of Munday's, becomes a leader of the rebellion. The censor's remedy is to begin at the second scene, laid in the serene atmosphere of the council chamber. The climax of the riot must also go: for this he desiderates 'a short report'—one feels he ought to have added 'on an official form' to indicate with precision the workings of the departmental mind. There was nothing for it but to go over the play and mark the necessary cancels.

These duly jettisoned, all hands, so to speak, were called to the pumps. It was decided to make a serious effort to float the damaged craft. Whether, even after repairs, the work would have passed the censor, is very dubious; but the revision was full

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and fairly systematic. There are gaps in the original MS. after folios 5 and 11; at these two points a leaf of Munday's text has been torn out. But the MS. now contains seven additional leaves of supplementary or revised matter; and slips of paper were originally pasted over cancelled passages on the lower portion of two folios. These additions are in five distinct handwritings, and are not, apparently, the work of mere copyists; each addition has author's corrections made in the process of composition. Thus the author of one addition, originally writing 'seeming a bright Starre in the heauen of Court,' pauses to make the alteration 'in the Courtly Sphere.' Only one explanation of this extraordinary rush of five revisers to retrieve an interdicted play seems possible; it was urgently needed for performance, and all the playwrights engaged in the service of the theatre must have been requisitioned together. Dr. W. W. Greg cautiously suggests, on the evidence of handwriting, that one of these is Dekker; Sir Edward Maunde Thompson pronounces definitely that another is Shakespeare. It is a pity that we have no playhouse record of the revisers at work—and of their views on Tilney. The dull routine of duty seldom yielded a court official such an opportunity for an epitaph.

It is unnecessary to notice in detail this series of elaborate changes; they are set forth with admirable lucidity in Dr. Greg's edition of the play printed for the Malone Society in 1911. This is the only trustworthy reprint, and it discusses such points as the paper, the forms of the handwriting,

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the colour of the ink, the point and place of the insertions, and the problem of the date. There is also a collotype facsimile, issued under the direction of Mr. R. B. Fleming, in the 'Tudor Facsimile Texts'; it is valuable where the text is legible. But the MS. has suffered injury and been clumsily repaired, so that quite a number of pages are a total blur.

The insertion attributed to Shakespeare is on a sheet of two folios, 8 and 9, of which it fills three pages. It is the crisis of the riot, which is depicted with force and humour. Tilney would have gasped on reading it, but an adroit effort to placate him was made in the speech of More which induces the disturbers to surrender or disperse: so far from being a 'short' and therefore colourless 'report,' it is an eloquent vindication of law and authority. The suggestion of Shakespeare's authorship was first made by Richard Simpson in 1871, but only on the evidence of style: he was influenced by the close likeness of the Jack Cade scenes in 'King Henry VI.' Next year James Spedding, a better equipped critic, supported the attribution, and called attention to the fact that the handwriting resembled the autograph signatures of Shakespeare.

The world was not convinced, and no editor of Shakespeare has felt sufficient confidence in the authenticity of the fragment to include it in his text. There was one thing lacking—an exact palæographical analysis of the handwriting; this crucial test has now been searchingly applied in Sir Edward Maunde Thompson's monograph.

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The data for such an investigation are slender enough. Sir Edward confines himself to the six legal signatures—Shakespeare's deposition in the lawsuit of 1612, the documents of the Blackfriars property, and the will. Three of these signatures are abbreviated; and the total number of letters is only fourteen, four of which are discarded as insufficient for comparison. The decisive clues are afforded by two signatures only—those of the deposition of 11th May, 1612, and of the conveyance of the Blackfriars house on 10th March, 1613—together with the first words of the final signature to the will 'By me William,' the only portion which the failing hand succeeded in writing firmly. Well may Sir Edward compare his achievement to an attempt 'to identify a face in the dark by the dim light of a lucifer match.'

His method is first to examine the general character of the signatures, to note how accident or occasion modified the form and quality of the writing, and consequently to point out some serious defects which impair their value as evidence: those in the Blackfriars documents are cramped by being written on the confined space of the label which carried the seal—the supposed lawyer's clerk not knowing enough of law to be aware that he could write freely across the parchment—and the three signatures to the will are in a shaken and faltering hand, which betokens a critical illness. The inquiry then proceeds to details: every letter is put under the microscope, and its character and formation are minutely described.

The general result is to tabulate a body of

evidence, which is of the utmost value for a study of Shakespeare's handwriting. In competent and careful hands it will serve as a master-key, and Sir Edward instructs us in the proper use of it. The first test in a palæographical problem of this nature is 'general impression.' To recognise a handwriting is 'a valuable asset in identification,' which 'will carry the cautious expert an appreciable distance on his way.' But, however important and even necessary as a preliminary step towards identification, general impression stops short of the goal. It must be supplemented by evidence of personal peculiarities. Trivial perhaps in themselves, their cumulative effect adds the decisive touch. Broad impression and detailed points or identity, taken in combination, are tantamount to proof.

The palæographical aspect of Sir Edward's claim will be discussed on another page; it will be sufficient here to indicate the chief peculiarities on which Sir Edward lays stress in the signatures and which he also finds in the inserted scene of 'Sir Thomas More.' First there is the fact that Shakespeare used to the end of his life the native English script, which in his day was giving place to the imported Italian hand, modelled on the style of the calligraphers of the Italian renaissance. Thus the Tudor princes were taught this newer style, and there are extant beautiful specimens of it in the handwriting of Edward VI, Mary, Elizabeth, and Lady Jane Grey. But Shakespeare clung, with one modification, to the 'rugged and tortuous' style which he learnt in boyhood. The ex-

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ception is interesting; he used for medial *s* the long Italian *f*—not the English *f*, written with an 'aggressively large bow topping the line of writing,' and so perhaps awkward to write after the tall looped *k*. Secondly, he made use of a peculiar *k*, which Sir Edward has not found elsewhere: 'the stem is rounded at the base like a modern cursive *l*, and the pen is carried upwards to the level of the middle of the stem, and then, without being lifted, forms the cross-bar by moving horizontally to the left and then travelling back on the same line to the right, a heavy dot or comma being afterwards added above the cross-bar to represent the central loop of the normal letter.' One specimen of this letter is found in the signature on the second sheet of the will. Finally, there is Shakespeare's use of a delicate introductory upstroke to the letters *m* and *W* in the final signature 'By me William Shakespeare. These upstrokes are ornamental flourishes, found, but not frequently, in the handwriting of the period; they are usual only in the formal hand of the professional or the expert.

From this preliminary investigation Sir Edward passes to an equally close scrutiny of the three pages of the play. Again he analyses the text alphabetically, which yields him twelve capitals and all the small letters except *x*. In line 110 he finds, for example, the peculiarly shaped *k*. After working out his double test of general and detailed resemblances, he 'feels confident' that the fragment is in Shakespeare's autograph. His examination at this point is extremely subtle; he distinguishes between the character of the handwriting of the

first two pages and that of the third page. The text of the former is written with speed, which shows signs of slackening in the lower half of the second page. The writing of the third page is more deliberate. Test letters of this modification are *f* and *l*, thin, unusually long-shafted and ending in a point on the first pages, stoutly-shafted and inclining to be truncated on the last page. Moreover, at the end of the second page four lines of verse are written in the space of two, suggesting that the writer, on reaching that point, decided not to pass on to a fresh page. Sir Edward conjectures that this last page was written later—'at least, not at the same sitting.'

With this difference in the quality of the handwriting there is an equally marked difference of style. The scene opens with the serio-comic appeal of the mob-leader John Lincoln:

Peace heare me, he that will not see a red hearing at a
harry grote, butter at a levenpence a pounce, meale at nyne
shillinges a Bushell and Beeff at fower nobles a stone lyst
to me.

This is, of course, the political economy of Jack Cade (2 Henry VI, iv, ii):

There shall be in England, seuen halfe peny Loaves
sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, shall haue ten
hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink small Beere.

The dialogue continues in this vein until the entrance of the Lord Mayor and the Earls of Surrey and Shrewsbury: then there are commonplace commands to keep the peace, rival calls upon the two Earls, and 'weele heare both.' The change

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of tone—and of handwriting—begins with the speeches of More, and especially his second speech on the 'removing of the straingers':

graunt them remoued and graunt that this yo' voyce
hath Chidd downe all the ma[ies]tie of Ingland.

His argument is 'What would you gain if you saw the strangers, bag and baggage, quitting London? You would only be the prey of other ruffians whom you had taught to sett law at defiance'; and finally he cites the authority of Scripture to urge obedience to authority. Rioters are 'in armes gainst God.'

The pause comes at this point, as if the writer felt that at last he was at grips with Tilney. This was the 'passage perilous' of the revision; it depicted a genuinely dramatic incident in the life of the hero; the play would be simply crippled without it. Could a hopeless situation be retrieved by the exercise of literary tact? The attempt was carefully and methodically made. The speech that follows is the most eloquent in the play; its theme is the sanctity of law; and the change of tone is reflected in the more deliberate handwriting:

for to the king god hath his offyc lent
of dread of Iustyce, power and Comaund
hath bid him rule, and willd yoⁿ to obay
and to add ampler matie to this
he hath not souly lent the king his figure
his throne & sword, but gyven him his owne name
calls him a god on earth, what do yoⁿ then
rysing gainst him that god himself enstalls
but ryse gainst god, what do yoⁿ to yo^r sowles
in doing this o desperat as you are.

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In concluding his appeal More presses home the advice 'Do as you may be done by':

youle put doune straingers
kill them cut their throts possesse their howses
and leade the ma[ies]tie of lawe in liom
to slipp him lyke a hound; say nowe the king
as he is clement, yf thoffendor moorne
shoold so much com to short of your great trespas
as but to banysh yoⁿ, whether woold yoⁿ go.
what Country by the nature of yo^r error
shoold gyve you harber . . .
. . . woold yoⁿ be pleasd
to find a nation of such barbarous temper
that breaking out in hiddious violence
woold not afoord yoⁿ, an abode on earth
whett their detested knyves against yo^r throtes
spurne yoⁿ lyke dogges, and lyke as yf that god
owed not nor made not yoⁿ, nor that the elamentes,
wer not all appropriate to yo^r Comfortes.
but Charterd vnto them, what woold yoⁿ thinck
to be thus vsd, this is the straingers case
and this your mountanish inhumanyty.

The mob surrender, and at a later point of the play, just when all the ringleaders are on the point of being executed and one has been actually dispatched, More procures their pardon from the king.

One point of detail which Sir E. M. Thompson has not noticed reinforces his comment on the character of the handwriting—the punctuation. Where this is obvious, the writer is extremely lax about it; witness this speech of Doll Williamson:

I byth mas will we moor thart a good howskeeper and
I thanck thy good worship for my Brother Arthur
watchins.

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But in the verse speeches of More the standard distinctly rises. It is a suggestive coincidence that Mr. A. W. Pollard noted the same variation in the set speeches of the First Quarto of 'King Richard II.' The dramatic punctuation of these speeches, he writes, 'will be found sufficiently complete and intelligent to entitle us to believe that Shakespeare punctuated these portions of his own manuscript with some care, and that the Quarto reproduces this punctuation with very much the same substantial fidelity that it reproduces the words of the text.' Instances follow, showing the special value of this pointing for the actor. One such instance (l. 133) is to be found in the scene we are discussing: 'woold not afoord yo^u, an abode on earth,' which would appear in modernised form: 'Would not afford you—an abode on earth,' the speaker pausing to emphasize the utter homelessness of the exiles.

It is evident that the writer was careless. He writes at one point (l. 82) 'how orderd shoold be quelld,' and again (141) 'letts vs do as we may be doon by.' Occasionally he corrects his misspellings: he began to spell 'charge' with an *s* (l. 28), and 'nvmber' with *m* (51). He is especially lax in writing the minims of *m*, *n*, *in*, and *un*: 'and' has the *n* with three minims (101), and 'sound' the 'un' with three (117). One line (137) will not scan:

wer not all appropriat to yo^r Comfortes.

Here Spedding emended 'alike' for 'all.'

¹ 'King Richard II. A New Quarto' (1916), pp. 64-5.

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But the chief textual interest of the scene lies in the writer's own corrections. 'Wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers,' the editors of the First Folio said of Shakespeare; and Jonson, with an eye to the style of the writing rather than to the look of the manuscript, has also placed on record that Shakespeare 'neuer blotted line.' Lines are blotted in 'Sir Thomas More' by rapid retouchings made at the moment of composition.

go yo" to ffraunc or flanders
to any iarman pvince, to spane or portigall
nay any where why yo"

The writer struck out the superfluous 'to' before 'spane,' and when he had written down 'why yo"' felt a sudden dissatisfaction at the vagueness of 'nay anywhere,' so he revised 'nay any where that not adheres to England,' and then continued 'why yo" must needes be straingers.' One passage he left in chaos:

those same handes
that yo" lyke rebells lyft against the peace
lift vp for peace, and your vnreuerent knees
that

Between 'and' and 'your' he interlined a word, which Sir Edward conjecturally reads as 'bend'; then he wiped this out with his finger while the ink was wet, cancelled 'that,' and resumed

make them your feet to kneele to be forgyven
is safer warrs, then euer yo" can make
whose discipline is ryot; why euen yo' warre
cannot pceed but by obedienc.

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He altered 'warre' to 'warres,' then disliking the repetition of the word, he substituted 'hurly'; next he interlined 'in in to yo' obedience,' intending to cancel the last line and a half, but left the original reading, and went on writing. A reviser, who contributes other additions to the play, cut the knot by deleting the last three lines and the cancel, and inserting an unmetrical tag 'tell me but this.'

But the style of the scene—is it Shakespearian? Obviously it is not composed in the manner of the great plays: it is impossible to say 'No one but Shakespeare could have written this,' but there is at least one brief passage that has the authentic ring:

and leade the ma[ies]tie of lawe in liom
to slipp him lyke a hound.

Not only the cadence but the sporting metaphor would confirm the attribution. But the utmost that it is safe to assert is that the scene is not unworthy of Shakespeare, and that it harmonises with his style in the chronicle plays. He would not put forth his strength within the narrow limits of an improvised collaboration. Still less would he sew a patch of royal purple over a rent in the homespun of Anthony Munday.

It is clear at any rate that the writer of the scene was a leading author of the company. Waiving the literary quality of the addition, there is conclusive evidence in the perfunctory manner in which he set about his task. He knew that he had to stage a mob, the Lord Mayor, attended by a sergeant-at-arms and a sheriff, the two earls, and

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More; he discovered that the ringleader was named Lincoln, that one citizen was named Bettes, and that there was a kind of Mary Ambree named 'Doll'; but he did not know, and he did not trouble to find out, the names of the other actors. So he assigns their speeches to 'other,' 'oth,' and even 'o,' and the reviser had to go over the manuscript and apportion the parts. It is amusing to note that he found only two mild jokes of half a line each to hand over to the Clown; that worthy did not make much of a hit if he 'spoke no more than was set down for him.'

The stage history of a play which has suddenly become so memorable is an important question. Unfortunately it is almost a blank. But we have a slender clue to the company which acted it. 'T Goodal' is entered as the name of a Messenger on fol. 13 * a: he was acting in 1592 for Lord Strange's men—a company for which Shakespeare wrote. This company also performed 'King Henry VI' as a new play in March, 1592, and therefore acted the Jack Cade scenes later in that year or in 1593. One allusion seems to point to a date not far from this: 'Moore had bin better a Scowrd More ditch, than a notcht mee thus,' says Jack Faulkner, who has been compelled to cut his shaggy hair (Addition iv, 215-6, ed. Greg). Stow records the dates of the cleansing of the town ditch 1549, 1569, and 1595: on the last occasion 'a small portion thereof, to wit, betwixt *Bishopsgate* and the *Posterne* called *Mooregate*, was clensed and made somewhat broder: but filling againe very fast, by reason of ouerraysing the ground neare

adjoining, therefore neuer the better' ('Survey,' ed. Kingsford, 1 p. 20). The allusion would have point just before the scouring or just after the failure. There is a tantalising reference in scene v, which I have not been able to date: this may yet yield a good clue. Three or four 'prentices enter 'with a paire of Cudgelles.' Robin, complaining that he is out of practice, asks in reference to a city fencing-school: 'when wast at Garrets schoole Harrie?' and is answered: 'Not this great while, neuer since I brake his vshers head, when he plaid his schollers prize at the Starre in Bread streete, I vse all to George Philpots at Dowgate, hees the best back sworde man in England.' This worthy ought to be rescued from oblivion.

Over this vital problem of date Sir Edward passes lightly, as not his business, only pointing out that the scene, if it be Shakespeare's, must be early in his career when he did journeyman work for the theatre. Sir Edward would be prepared to accept 1592 or 1593. The hand is sixteenth century, but can any tests be applied to narrow down the date? Can we say definitely *late* sixteenth century? Dr. Greg assigns the play to the close of the century. Comparing Munday's handwriting in 'Sir Thomas More' with that of his autograph MSS., 'John a Kent and John a Camber,' dated December, 1596, and the 'Heaven of the Mind,' dated December, 1602, Dr. Greg argues that the play was intermediate between these, and suggests as a probable limit of date the years 1598 to 1600.¹ This too is his feeling 'alike

¹ See 'The Modern Language Review,' vol. viii, pp. 89-90.

on palæographical and literary grounds,' and he therefore questions the Shakesperian authorship: at this late date Shakespeare had definitely turned his back on the chronicle play and was nearing the summit of his achievement.


To solve the problem of the date is essential to further progress. On purely literary grounds I see no difficulty in accepting any date up to 1596, considering the occasion for which this special scene was written. It was the critical point of the play, and was therefore entrusted to a dramatist—judging from the results attained—of higher capacity than any of the others who mingled their ingredients in the hotchpotch. An act of condescension on Shakespeare's part, possibly; but contemporaries named him the 'gentle,' and he was 'of an open, and free nature.' Nothing is more likely than that he should be called upon for help, and be willing to give it to his own fellow-workers, in the emergency provoked by the stupid tyranny of Tilney.

Such are the main points raised by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson's fascinating monograph. It is in the nature of a critical challenge, and it is to be hoped that it will be adequately taken up.

PERCY SIMPSON.

REVIEWS.

Shakespeare's Handwriting. A Study by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, G.C.B. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1916. pp. xii., 63. With facsimiles.

NE of the most attractive chapters in that delightful book 'Shakespeare's England,' published last year by the Clarendon Press, is that on Handwriting by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson. And now that chapter has acquired additional merit by giving birth to the present volume, in which Sir Edward shows cause for accepting the hypothesis suggested in 1871 by Richard Simpson, that the well-known addition to the MS. play 'Sir Thomas More,' now Harley MS. 7368 in the British Museum, is an autograph composition of Shakespeare. Sir Edward naturally and properly considers the question from a strictly palæographical point of view, without reference to its literary side, which has long occupied the attention of Shakespearian students; but the two lines of approach are linked together by the fact, of which the nature of the corrections leaves no room for doubt, that the three pages containing the addition in question 'are obviously

the autograph composition of the writer, and not a mere transcript by a copyist.' From whichever side the problem is approached, the critic, whether literary or palæographic, has to decide which of three verdicts he will accept: (i) that these three pages cannot be by Shakespeare, (ii) that they may be by Shakespeare, (iii) that they must be by Shakespeare. It is thus evident that if the negative verdict be rejected in each case, the coincidence that a scene which on literary grounds may be assigned to Shakespeare is found in a handwriting which there is a *prima facie* case for accepting as his autograph adds appreciably to the weight of each line of argument.

The materials for forming a purely palæographical judgment are, it must be admitted, regrettably meagre. It may be questioned, indeed, whether Sir Edward has not under-estimated their inadequacy as a basis for any positive conclusion. The only known specimens of Shakespeare's handwriting are the six signatures, facsimiles of which were published in 'Shakespeare's England' and are repeated here. Three of these (the signatures to the separate sheets of his will) were written on his death-bed, and, as Sir Edward himself vigorously argues, can hardly be supposed to represent his normal handwriting. Two more, on the purchase-deed and mortgage, respectively, of a house in Blackfriars, are cramped so as not to overrun the limits of the narrow labels on which the seals were affixed. There remains only the signature to a deposition in a law-suit, happily discovered a few years ago by Dr. C. W. Wallace in the Public Record Office:

a discovery of supreme importance with regard to Shakespeare's autograph, besides affording a pleasing hint of his healthy instincts—it is written not only freely, but with negligent haste (*n* instead of *m*, the *k* blotted, and the *s* omitted altogether), as though he wanted to escape as quickly as possible from the mouldy atmosphere of the law-courts.

Sir Edward subjects these six signatures to a systematic and exhaustive analysis, on the same lines as in 'Shakespeare's England'; and from this analysis he draws certain inferences as to the probable characteristics of the poet's ordinary hand. On applying similar treatment to the three pages of the Harleian MS. (which are reproduced in facsimile), he finds a sufficient measure of agreement to make him 'feel confident that in this addition to the play of "Sir Thomas More" we have indeed the handwriting of William Shakespeare.' This conclusion, pronounced after prolonged and minute study by a palæographer of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson's standing, commands the attention of laymen and professed students alike as at any rate a *dictum* of great weight. The present reviewer, as one of those who have sat at Sir Edward's feet, has learnt, like his fellows, that over and above the validity of any argument which can be set down on paper Sir Edward's 'general impression' of the identity of two handwritings must be allowed an importance not easily overestimated. For an adequate criticism of the particular arguments here used an independent study of the manuscript and of contemporary hands

would be needed, and present circumstances make such an independent study impossible. I will only say, therefore, that the sweeping curve joining *h* and *a*, which occurs repeatedly on page 3 of the play, as well as the spurred *a* found on the same page, strike me at once as strong links in Sir Edward's chain—almost strong enough in themselves perhaps, in the absence of any striking dissimilarity, to warrant a claim that he has made out a case for the probability of the scene being in Shakespeare's autograph, and this, as has been noted, would notably reinforce any purely literary argument for his authorship. I should like also to add a minute point, which Sir Edward does not seem to have mentioned (perhaps because he did not think it worth mentioning): viz., that on page 1 of the play 'Willian' is written for 'William,' a similar blunder to that noticed above in the signature to the deposition.

When all is said that ingenuity and knowledge can suggest, it must be borne in mind that English handwriting at this time was in a fluid and transitional state, and that great caution must be used in deducing the identity of two handwritings from the occasional occurrence of the same unusual forms in both. But whatever the final judgment of specialists, palæographical and literary, may be on the particular point at issue, there can be no doubt that the present volume is a contribution of permanent value to the study of English handwriting in Shakespeare's time.

J. A. HERBERT.

John Shaw Billings: A Memoir. By Fielding H. Garrison, M.D. Illustrated: pp. x + 432. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press, 1915.

The subject of this memoir was a medical historian and statistician of the first rank, a pioneer in hygiene, a skilled laboratory director, the founder of a great medical museum, one of the first authorities on hospital construction the world has known, a reformer of the medical profession in the United States, and in his early life, during the American Civil War, an energetic and enterprising army surgeon. But his work as a bibliographer and librarian alone would have entitled him to permanent remembrance.

After three years' service on the battle field during the Civil War Billings entered the Washington branch of the office of the Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac. A few months later he was transferred to the Surgeon-General's Office in the War Department, and in this he remained for the next thirty years.

From the end of 1864 he was in charge of the Surgeon General's Library, then quite a small collection of books. Various catalogues of the library were printed before 1876, the last of them under Billings' superintendence in 1873. But Billings' aim was to produce a catalogue that should be a bibliographical work of reference for the whole world of medicine and its allied sciences. Accordingly in 1876 he issued his 'Specimen Fasciculus.' This was circulated among the medical profession

and met with high approval. Thus encouraged, with the assistance of Dr. Robert Fletcher, Billings immediately began to prepare the first volume of the 'Index Catalogue,' and this was issued in 1880. Subsequent volumes appeared annually down to the year 1895, when a fresh series (now almost completed) was commenced of all the additions to the library. The 'Index Catalogue' is arranged in one continuous alphabet of authors and subjects mixed. Not only are the books indexed under subjects, but the contents of all the sets of journals in the library as well, the latter in small type to distinguish them from text books and monographs.

A second venture of Billings' and his coadjutor Fletcher was the issue of the 'Index Medicus.' This is a classified list, issued monthly, of current medical literature, each yearly volume being completed by an index of authors' names and an index of subjects. The 'Index Medicus' was more than once discontinued from lack of support, but its permanence became assured when it was placed under the patronage of the Carnegie Institution in 1903.

In the year 1895 Billings retired from active service in the United States Army and thus ceded the librarianship of the Surgeon-General's Library. Under his charge it had grown enormously. It now contains upwards of 220,000 volumes, 331,000 pamphlets, and 5,000 portraits.

In 1890 Billings became Professor of Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania and Director of the University Hospital. But his incumbency of these offices was of short duration, as he was chosen Director of the New York Public Library in 1895.

No higher tribute to his power of organisation and his ability as a library administrator could have been paid.

The amalgamation of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Trust Libraries into one great central library for New York entailed difficult and delicate negotiations. At more than one stage in the proceedings the aid of special legislation had to be called in. One of Billings' first duties in connection with his new office was to pay a visit to Europe to study the construction and working of the principal libraries on this side of the Atlantic. This he carried out in 1896. During the first half of 1897 he examined many of the leading libraries of the United States, and in the spring of this year he made the first rough sketch plan of the library. Architects were selected after a double competition. When their plans had been passed the city undertook to construct and equip the building, and the Library Corporation to arrange the entire book collections, to fix the hours of opening, and to establish a free circulating branch.

During the year 1898 Billings was engaged on the immense task of supervising the reclassification and recataloguing of the books and pamphlets. The books in the Astor and Lenox Libraries had formerly been classified by fixed location. They were now submitted by him to a process of relative classification. The books were recatalogued upon the plan of the Surgeon-General's Library; an author catalogue was made for official use and an index-catalogue of authors and subjects for public consultation.

His next task was the consolidation of the many

free circulating libraries of the city with the New York Public Library. This was at last effected, with the generous financial aid of Mr. Carnegie in the construction of new branch library buildings. The corner stone of the New York Public Library was laid in November, 1902, and the next few years found Billings closely engaged in the arduous work of selecting books, superintending shelving arrangements, attending committee meetings innumerable and making frequent visits to Europe to purchase books for the library.

The new building of the New York Public Library was formally opened on 23rd May, 1911, but by some strange oversight no allusion was made at the ceremony to Billings' immense labours, an omission that reflected very badly on the gratitude of those responsible for the inauguration.

Billings' last contribution to literature was a description of the library in the 'Century Magazine' for 1911. In this he enlarged upon the variety of its collections, especially of American history and 'Americana' generally. The new library, he said, would have accommodation for 3,500,000 volumes. At the end of 1913, some months after its creator's death, it contained upwards of a million volumes and pamphlets.

This most interesting record of Billings' life and work concludes with a complete chronological list of his published monographs, official reports, and contributions to periodical literature. They embrace a vast variety of subjects, but no small number are devoted to librarianship and bibliography.

ARCHIBALD L. CLARKE.